

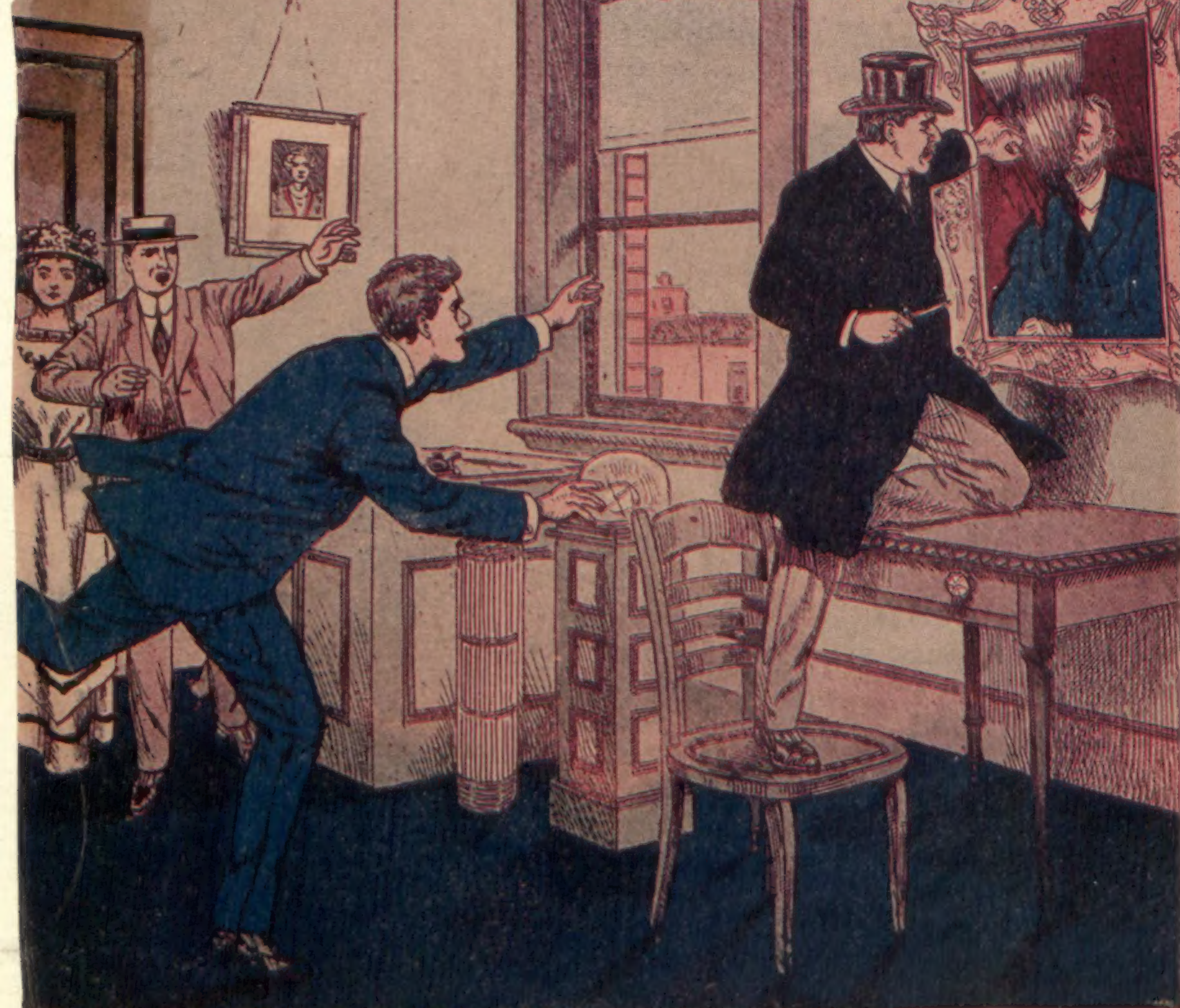
FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

FRANK FISK THE BOY BROKER OR WORKING THE WALL ST. STOCK MARKET

AND OTHER STORIES

BY A SELF MADE MAN.



"I hate that man!" roared the drunken broker, pointing at the oil painting. He clambered upon the table, drew his pocket-knife, and slashed the canvas. Then he tore a piece out of the picture. Will made a rush for him.

Frank Fisk, the Boy Broker

Or, WORKING THE WALL ST. STOCK MARKET

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Boy Broker.

"So you've stepped into your late uncle's shoes and are going to run his business?" said Will Wagner, as he took a chair alongside his friend Frank Fisk's desk, and shoved his hat on the back of his head.

"I haven't stepped into anybody's shoes," replied Fisk. "I have simply bought the furniture and other things of my aunt, and assumed the lease of this office till the first of next May."

"But your uncle's business goes with it."

"My uncle had no business. The panic in the stock market six months ago sent him to the wall. He was so heavily involved that everything, including his seat in the Exchange, went to his creditors. From that time until his death, two weeks ago, he devoted his attention wholly to private speculation, with indifferent success."

"Then as your aunt had no use for this office you concluded to quit Dudley Black and take it off her hands?"

"That's it exactly."

"And now you're going to try and build a business up for yourself?"

"Yes."

"Have you got capital enough to pull through?"

"I hope so."

"You won't find it easy to get customers at the start."

"No, I don't expect I will."

"While you're waiting for them to come along how are you going to keep the ball rolling?"

"I'll find a way somehow."

"Confidence in one's self is a good thing to have."

"They say it's half of the battle."

"What's the other half?"

"The results that confidence brings about."

"Well, I hope you'll get on," said Will, getting up. "I must get on my way now, or my boss will wonder what I've been doing with myself."

"Drop in again. Glad to see you at any time," said Frank.

Then Will Wagner took his leave. Frank took up a Wall Street paper and began reading the latest Wall Street news. Half an hour elapsed, then the door opened and a well-dressed, smooth-faced man entered the office.

"How do you do, sir," said Frank.

"Is Mr. Fisk in?" asked the visitor.

"That's my name. Take a seat."

"This is your office, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"I noticed your sign on the door, stocks and bonds. Do you buy bonds?"

"Sometimes. Usually I sell them on commission."

"I'm going out of town in an hour or two, so I won't be able to wait. I want to sell the bonds, or a part of them, offhand."

"What bonds have you got? If they are registered ones it will not be possible for you to sell them at once," said Frank.

"They are coupon bonds—Government three's."

"Let me see them."

The man took a package out of his pocket and handed it to the boy. Frank opened it and saw that it contained ten \$500 bonds with the coupons that were yet due attached.

"When and where did you buy these bonds?"

"In Chicago a few months ago. Here is the broker's memorandum of the transaction."

"Your name is Frederick Ford?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Ford, I could accommodate you to the extent of taking half of the bonds off your hands, but that is the best I can do."

"That will answer. I can dispose of the others in Boston, where I am going."

Will looked up the latest quotation of the bonds, calculated the interest due to date on five of them, and mentioned the amount, less his commission. That was satisfactory to his caller. The boy drew out a receipt for the money, which showed the number and character of the bonds, and asked Ford to sign it. While the man was doing it Frank went to his safe and got the money. The deal was then concluded and his visitor departed.

"Ford. I must put a ring around that name, for he's my first customer, and years hence I may like to remember the fact," said Frank.

As events turned out, there would be no danger that he would ever forget the name of his first customer. Frank couldn't afford to keep something over \$2,500 locked up in bonds, as his capital was limited, so when he went to lunch he carried the securities out with him and sold them to a broker with whom he was on friendly terms.

He next went for his lunch, after which he started back for his office, and as he approached the elevator he heard a girl's voice in a remonstrating tone:

"If you are a gentleman, sir, you will leave me alone."

"Gentleman, of course I'm a gentleman," returned the man in thick tones. "And I know a pretty girl when I see one. Come, give me a kiss and no one will be the wiser of it."

"How dare you!" cried the girl indignantly.

Then Frank heard a scuffle and a smothered scream. He rushed around the corner and found a lovely looking girl struggling in the arms of a broker by the name of Drake, who had been drinking. The sight fired Frank's blood, and without calculating the consequences he smashed the man under the left ear.

The blow was a straight-from-the-shoulder one, and the broker, big as he was, staggered and fell prostrate on the floor. At that moment a down elevator stopped, and Frank, taking the young lady by the arm, hurried her into it and followed. The cage went down quickly, and the girl found herself standing in the main corridor and Frank lifting his hat to her.

CHAPTER II.—The Big Robbery.

"Thank you. It was very kind of you to save me from that man," she said in an embarrassed way.

"Don't mention it, miss. I guess I didn't do any more than I ought to have done. That was Broker Anthony Drake, and he was intoxicated," replied Frank.

"Well, he is no gentleman. He followed me out of an office where I had applied for work, and I tried to avoid him, but it was impossible."

"You are looking for a position, then?"

"Yes, I am very anxious to get to work again. My former employer, who was agent for a railroad car-wheel works at 31 Nassau street, went out of business recently, and that threw me out of a position. As my mother and I are dependent on my own exertions, I cannot afford to be idle."

"You are a stenographer, I suppose?"

"Yes, and bookkeeper."

"What wages do you expect?"

"I was receiving \$15, but I'd be willing to work for \$12 to begin with."

"I'd employ you myself if I had anything for you to do, but I am only just starting out for myself. I know a couple of men in the building who have no stenographer, and are sending their work out. I suppose they haven't enough business to hire a girl steadily. Now it might not be a bad idea if you hired out to both of them—giving the morning to one and the afternoon to the other."

The girl seemed to think that was not a bad idea if the arrangement could be made.

"Well, if you don't mind, step up to my office with me and stay there till I see the gentlemen and have a talk with them on the subject."

"Thank you. I am sure it is very kind of you to interest yourself in me," she said, flashing an appreciative look at him.

"Not at all. I am very glad of the chance to put work in your way. Will you oblige me with your name?"

"Miss Clyde."

"Thank you. My name is Frank Fisk."

The boy broker showed her into an elevator, and they went upstairs together. In the meantime Will was amusing himself by flirting with a typist across the street. Suddenly the door was banged open and Broker Drake entered.

"You young monkey!" he roared, staggering up to Will, who jumped on his feet.

Then Drake saw that he was not addressing Fisk, and he stopped.

"Where is that boy broker? I want to see him," he roared.

"Do you mean Frank Fisk?"

"Yes, that's who I mean. Where is he?"

"He just stepped out. I expect him back at any moment."

"Huh!" growled Drake. "So this is his office. Hang his impertinence. The idea of a kid of his years putting his name on the door of a room in this or any other building in Wall Street, and pretending to be a broker. Well, he won't last long, that's certain. I'll have him run out of the Street."

Drake spoke half to Will and half to himself. As his gaze roved around it rested on the oil painting of George Kane, the previous tenant, and Frank's deceased uncle. He glared at it and then uttered a snort of anger.

"I hated that man," roared the drunken broker, pointing at the oil painting.

He clambered upon the table, drew his pocket-knife, and slashed the canvas. Then he tore a piece out of the picture. Will made a rush at him. At that moment Frank and Miss Clyde entered the office.

"Here, what are you up to?" cried the boy broker, starting forward.

Before he could reach the man, Will seized the trader by the arm, and, being a husky lad, pulled him off the table. He was so drunk that he went down on the floor like a house of cards collapsing. Miss Clyde recognized him as the man who had insulted her and shrank back.

"This business will cost you something, Mr. Drake, for you'll have to pay for that piece of vandalism," said Frank, as the broker staggered to his feet. "Oblige me by getting out of here."

Frank threw the door open and pointed at the corridor.

"You young imp, I've been waiting for you!" roared the broker, making a rush at him.

"Telephone for the janitor, Will," said Frank, springing outside for the purpose of getting his undesirable visitor out of the office.

Drake followed and tried to seize him, but Frank easily avoided his grasp, and retreated to the elevator, thus drawing Drake in that direction. Frank ran up the stairs to the next floor, and Drake followed clumsily. By the time he reached the corridor Frank was on the floor above then taking an elevator down to his own floor, where he met the janitor, who had come up, and told him about the trouble he was having with the intoxicated broker.

"He slashed the oil painting of my late uncle, which is hanging on the wall, and I'm going to make him pay for the damage in a way he won't forget," said the boy.

Drake came staggering down the stairs at the imminent risk of falling. When he saw the boy broker he started for him, but the janitor headed him off, stopped the elevator, and pushed him into it. Following himself, he took Drake to the entrance of the building and told him to go home or he'd get into trouble. The janitor being a brawny man, the broker had no show with him. He abused the man, however, from the middle of

the sidewalk. Leaving him standing there, the janitor went about his business.

When Frank returned to his office he found Will talking to Miss Clyde. He introduced them to each other and went to call on the two gentlemen. His mission was quite successful, and he came back and took the young lady into the office of one of the men and introduced her. It was agreed that she should work for him five mornings from nine till twelve, and two hours on Saturday, for \$6 a week. Frank then took her to the other man, where it was arranged that she should work for him from one till four, and two hours on Saturday morning. She was to begin next day for both.

"Now, Miss Clyde, if you want to bring your lunch down, instead of going out to it, and eat it in my office, I'll give you \$2—that will make \$14 in all," said Frank.

"That would suit me very nicely," she said, and it was so arranged.

She expressed her gratitude to Frank for securing her work, and then went home. It was five that day when Frank and Will left the office. A newsboy shouting "Extra! Full account of the big robbery," rushed up to them. The boys each bought a paper and looked at the scare heads on the first page. This is what they saw:

"Great Gem Robbery. Millionaire Banker Ford's Residence Entered at Midnight and His Private Safe Cleaned Out. Government Bonds and Other Securities Taken. The Loss in Diamonds and Other Jewels Estimated at \$60,000, while the Securities Foot Up \$30,000 More. The Job Clearly the Work of Experts."

"Geel!" exclaimed Will. "Those crooks made a big haul."

The boys read the story that followed, which showed how the thieves effected their entrance into the building while the family was out of the city for the night—a fact that the rascals seemed to be aware of. They left their tools behind, but no tangible clue that the police could use to trace them. At the end of the story was given a list of the stolen securities. In it were mentioned ten \$500 Government coupon three's. That brought up a vision in Frank's mind of his first customer who had brought ten of the same kind of bonds to him that morning and whose name was—

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" asked Will.

"I just thought of something, that's all," replied the boy broker.

What he thought of was that the name his customer had laid claim to, as shown by the Chicago broker's receipt, was Frederick Ford, and that was the name of the broker whose home had been burglarized. Frank had much food for thought on his way home on the subway. He lived way up in the Bronx, and had to go to the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street station, the last station but one on the line, and then walked several blocks to reach his home. He used to live at a boarding-house down in the Tenderloin district near Sixth avenue and Broadway, but since his uncle's death had been living with his aunt.

His father was a mining expert, and he and Mrs. Fisk were in Brazil, in the diamond district, and had been there for two years. The more

Frank reflected on the matter of the bonds he had purchased that morning, and afterwards sold to a Broad street broker, the more satisfied he became that he had been face to face either with one of the burglars of the Ford residence or their representative.

"That means I may have to make good what I got for the bonds, \$2,500 and the interest to date, and that will cripple my working capital badly," he thought.

CHAPTER III.—Broker Drake Comes to Time.

Next morning he called on the broker to whom he had sold the five bonds.

"Hello, Fisk, how are things with you?" asked Broker Gage.

"Rotten."

"What's happened?"

"Enough to make me feel like kicking myself around the block."

"Get caught in a deal?"

"No."

"What's the trouble then?"

"You remember those five Government threes I sold you yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Have you sold them?"

"No. I haven't had any call for them."

"Well, I bought them from a man who showed me the receipt of the Chicago broker, which I showed you and have in my safe now."

"Well. That was pretty good evidence that he was the owner of the bonds. Have you since found out that he isn't?"

"It looks that way. You read about the robbery at Banker Ford's house?"

"Yes."

"Besides a fortune in jewels, the burglars got away with a bunch of securities. Among them were ten \$500 Government threes. The chap who sold me the five bonds had ten of the same kind. I would have bought the whole lot on the strength of the evidence that he was the rightful owner but for the fact that I didn't have money enough to pay for them. Now I'm afraid those bonds are a part of the loot."

The broker whistled.

"I cut this paragraph out of the paper. It gives the numbers of all the securities stolen. There are the numbers of the ten Government threes. Get those bonds I sold you and see if five of those numbers agree with those on the bonds. If they do I'll have to buy them back from you and turn them over to the banker."

"I'm not so sure that you will have to make good, for you can show the memorandum from the Chicago broker as evidence that you purchased them in good faith. If we brokers had to take the same chances that pawnbrokers do we would not purchase a single security without positive evidence that the seller had an undoubted right to dispose of it. All that brokers ask in buying negotiable securities is reasonable evidence that they belong to the person offering them. The man furnished you with that, and in my opinion you cannot be held responsible for the deal."

"Examine the bonds and see if they are indi-

cated among those that were stolen," said Frank.

Broker Gage went outside to the safe where the bonds were, looked at the numbers, and saw that they were a part of the stolen securities. He returned and told Frank that his suspicions were correct.

"Then it's my duty to call on Banker Ford and notify him that those five have turned up, and explain how they came into my possession," said the boy broker.

"I suppose you had better, but don't be too ready to admit any responsibility in the matter. As the case stands the bonds are out of your hands. They belong to me. Until I am legally called on to give them up, you are out of it," said Gage.

Frank took his leave and went around to Banker Ford's office. He sent his name in and was admitted.

"I called on you, Mr. Ford, to tell you that yesterday morning a man called at my office with ten Government threes which were stolen from your house among other securities."

"Is that a fact?" exclaimed the banker, with a look of interest.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you in the brokerage business?"

"I am just starting."

"Indeed. You look young to be in business for yourself. Well, did you purchase them?"

"I bought five of them, and later sold them to another broker."

"When did you learn they were the ones stolen from my house?"

"I suspected they were when I read the account of the robbery in last evening's paper, and saw that ten of the bonds were Government \$500 threes. I wasn't certain until I called on the broker to whom I sold them, and had him compare the numbers with the advertised list."

"You shouldn't have bought the bonds without a reasonable assurance that the man who offered them for sale was the person to whom they rightfully belonged."

"I had a reasonable assurance."

"What was it?"

"The man introduced himself as Frederick Ford, and produced the memorandum of the Chicago broker who sold them to you," replied Frank.

"Did you retain that paper?"

"I did."

"Then I guess you are protected. Describe the man to me."

Frank did so.

"Have you one of your business cards with you?"

The boy broker handed him one.

"A detective will probably call on you to-day some time. Your description of the man may lead to his identification and arrest, and lead ultimately to his pal or pals and the recovery of the stolen property."

"I hope so, sir."

"I have stimulated the exertions of the police by offering a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest and conviction of the rascals, and the recovery of the jewels and securities," said the banker. "In case the clue starts from your office I think you will be entitled to a portion of the reward."

"I'll be satisfied if I don't have to make good the value of the bonds. It would handicap me badly, for I haven't a whole lot of capital."

"Don't worry, young man. You acted in good faith and prove it. That is all that can be expected of a broker."

Frank then took his leave in much better spirits. At twelve o'clock Miss Clyde, whose other name Frank discovered was Kittie, appeared to take charge of his office for an hour, and eat her lunch there.

"If any one calls, Miss Clyde, tell them I'll return inside of an hour."

"I will," replied the girl.

Frank took \$3,000 out of his safe, and, calling on his friend, Broker Gage, gave him an order to buy 300 shares of L. & N. at 90. It was a good stock and he had noticed that it was going up. Then he went to lunch and was back in his office at five minutes of one. Shortly after Miss Clyde went to her afternoon employer a detective came in to interview the boy broker. Frank told him all he knew about the man who had sold him the five bonds and he went away. About four Miss Clyde returned and said she would willingly stay with him till five every day if she could be of any service in his business.

"I appreciate your offer, Miss Clyde, but I have really nothing for you to do, at least to-day," replied Frank. "It is possible I may occasionally have need of your services. If I do I will call on you."

They conversed on different subjects for about half an hour, during which Frank told her that he had called on a lawyer and instructed him to write Broker Drake a letter demanding \$500 damages for spoiling his uncle's portrait. Shortly after Miss Clyde had gone home Broker Drake stalked in with another trader. He was quite sober, but in a bad humor.

"Look here, young man, what does this mean?" he demanded, tossing on Frank's desk the letter he had received from the lawyer. "What in thunder is the matter with you? Do you think I am going to be blackmailed?"

"It means reparation for the havoc you made in my uncle's picture when you came in here half drunk yesterday afternoon and made a show of yourself. Look at the picture. You've ruined it," replied Frank.

"Bah! Ten dollars will fix that up. I didn't know what I was doing. Considering the circumstances, I'll give you \$25 to have it repaired," said Drake.

"No, you won't, Mr. Drake. You'll write your check for \$500 or take the consequences," said Frank.

"What's that?" roared the broker.

Frank made no reply.

"Do you take me for a fool?" roared Drake.

"You'll be foolish if you don't take the chance I offer you."

"Confound your impudence! I won't pay a cent."

"Look here, Mr. Drake, if you don't settle this claim you'll find yourself in a bad hole—in two of them, in fact. You insulted a young lady in the elevator corridor of the second floor, and I was a witness to it. You tried to kiss her against her

will. She might have you arrested on that count. That will be two charges against you, and the young lady's is likely to be the more serious of the two. I've got two witnesses against you on my charge. So by settling with me you'll get off easy."

"This is blackmail," cried the broker.

"All right. I have nothing more to say. If you think you can get out of the predicament you are in, why go ahead and try."

Drake was furious, but when Frank quietly explained the situation to his companion, and the gentleman saw that if the girl prosecuted Drake he would be in a very bad box, he advised the broker to settle, and he did, very much against his will. But he swore he would get square with Frank, and with that menace he and his friend went away.

CHAPTER IV.—On the Trail of the Burglars.

After supper his aunt sent Frank with a message to a friend, who lived several blocks away. On his way back a shower of rain came on and he took refuge in the end house of a row of buildings that was under construction. Hardly was he under cover when two men entered the place on the run. They stopped close to the doorway and uttered imprecations on the weather.

"It was blamed unfortunate that Newman hurt his leg hidin' the sway in the quarry," said one. "Only for that we'd have been on our way west by this time."

Frank, who was within easy earshot of them, pricked up his ears at the word "swag," which in thieves' vocabulary meant stolen property.

"I should say so," replied the other. "This delay is liable to make things strenuous for us."

"He won't be able to get on his pins for a week from the look of his foot, and before that the cops may get a clue that'll make things unpleasant for us."

"I don't know where they're goin' to get it from."

"Well, they've got a bunch of detectives on the job. I see by to-night's paper that the boy broker you sold those bonds to has furnished the police with your description, and, of course, they're lookin' for you."

"What's the use of talkin' about it? I'm not caught yet."

"Look here, Lucas," said the other, after a pause. "I don't think we ought to take the chances Newman is up against."

"What do you mean, Kirby?"

"We ought to make Newman tell us where he's hidden the stuff in the quarry, divide it in three parts, and then you and me can take ours and light out."

"That would be leavin' a pal in the lurch," said Lucas.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," growled Kirby.

"If he was caught we couldn't blame him for squealin' on us."

"That's right," nodded Lucas. "The rain has let up, so let's be off to the quarry."

They left the building and took their way up the street at a smart pace, without the least sus-

picion that their talk had been overheard by a third person, and one who was likely to prove very dangerous to their interests. Frank lost no time in following them. As they neared each cross street he found it necessary to creep closer to them to see whether they turned off or not. In this way he trailed them for a good mile out into a deserted part of the upper Bronx, where it would have gone mighty hard with the boy had they discovered he was shadowing them.

At last they came to a hut on the edge of an abandoned quarry, and entered the place. A dim light shone from the only window the shack boasted of. Up to this the boy broker crept and looked in. Seated in a chair, with one foot swathed in cloths, was the man they had referred to as Newman. He had a hard-looking countenance, which was not improved by a four-days' growth of bristly, reddish beard.

He looked like a very tough customer as he sat on an empty box with his back against the wall and his game leg stretched out and supported by another box. Lucas and Kirby had put down a bundle each of eatables on a third box on which stood a candle in the neck of a bottle. This was within easy reach of Newman, and he reached out one hand with a hungry look toward one of the packages.

"You've been away some time," he growled.

"We were taking notes of how the land lies," said Lucas. "There's an evenin' paper. You can look over it as soon as you've had a feed."

"What's new on the case?" asked Newman, as he opened up one of the bundles and exposed a quarter's worth of sliced cooked ham and a loaf of bread cut in slices.

He grabbed two pieces of the bread, made a sandwich with the ham, and began to eat like a half-starved man.

"The boy I sold the bonds to has been talkin' to the police," said Lucas.

"I expected he would," mumbled Newman. "It's a good thing you provided yourself with that beard."

"It disguises me pretty well, doesn't it? And these clothes don't look nothin' like the swell rig I had on when I visited Wall Street."

"I hope the sleuths won't discover our roost here," said Kirby.

"Suppose they did, what can they do? They won't find any evidence to incriminate us," said Newman.

"Because you hid it in the quarry, eh?" Newman nodded.

"Whereabouts?"

"That's for me to know," said Newman with an artful look.

"But we ought to know too. Lucas and me are as much interested in it as you are."

"I ain't sayin' you ain't," responded Newman. "Then why are you makin' a secret of it?"

"You'll have to wait till the mornin', anyway. You couldn't go huntin' for the place in the dark."

"Well, you tell us now, and we'll go there the first thing in the mornin'."

"It's kind of a difficult matter to tell you just where I put the swag," said Newman slowly.

"You marked it, didn't you?"

"With three stones in a row."

"Three stones."

"About a yard or so under the hole in the wall of rock where I shoved it, and then plugged the hole up with a large stone. That's about all the directions I can give you. I could walk right there and put my hand on it, but you'll have to look for it."

"You ain't said which side of the quarry. It's got four," said Kirby.

"It's the side towards the shanty."

"Very good. We'll find it," and Kirby looked significantly at Lucas.

CHAPTER V.—Frank Turns the Trick.

Frank had heard every word that passed between the men, for there was a hole in one of the panes of the window beside which he stood.

He had listened eagerly to learn, if he could, where Newman had hidden the plunder, and now he had the same line on it that Kirby and Lucas had. He believed he could find it in broad daylight, but no such chance would be afforded him, for Lucas and Kirby intended to go there first thing in the morning, probably at daylight, before anybody in the neighborhood was stirring.

After talking together a few moments the two men walked out at the door, and Frank crouched down in the dark to avoid discovery.

"Lucas," said Kirby, "do you think the swag is where Newton said it was?"

"Why not? He gave us the directions as well as he could."

"I doubt it. I watched him closely during the whole interview. If he intended to act square in the matter, why did he try his best to wriggle out of tellin' us? It was only when I pushed him hard that he told us. I feel pretty sure he lied."

"If we don't find it at the place he directed us to I'll believe you're right; but we've got to take his word until we find he has fooled us."

"There's a lantern under the shack. Let's light it and go down into the quarry."

Kirby started to hunt for the lantern under the hut, and while he was doing it Frank rose up and looked inside to see what Newman was doing. He was smoking and laughing to himself. It struck the boy broker that the rascal felt that his companions had gone to look up the swag, and that he counted on their failure to find it. Kirby fished out the lantern, lighted it, and then he and Lucas went toward the edge of the quarry. Frank was undecided whether to follow them or not. When he looked into the shack again, to his surprise Newman was off his perch, and kneeling with his face against the wall. He was looking through a knot-hole at the moving lantern, which indistinctly showed him the figures of his two pals. Frank wondered what in the world they were up to.

When the lantern began slowly to descend into the quarry Newman pulled the box he had been sitting on out of the way and took up a couple of boards of the flooring. Bending down, he pulled out a bag, and from the bag took a handsome box covered with filigree work in silver. Opening it, he pulled out a necklace of alternate diamonds and pearls. He held it up, and the candle light scintillated from the diamonds. Frank gave a

start of surprise. After admiring the necklace for some moments, Newman replaced it in the box, closed it, and took out another. This proved to contain a dozen valuable rings, worn only by a lady. Most of them had one or more diamonds of size in the setting. One had a large and handsome ruby as the principal stone.

Newman looked at each ring in turn, as if estimating its value, and then returned all to the box. He pulled a third box out of the bag. This held a diamond incrustated watch, lady's size, with a long gold chain. A fourth box contained a small tiara of diamonds of all sizes, which shone like a miniature sun. Frank knew it must be worth thousands of dollars. A dozen boxes of gems all told were taken from the bag and examined in turn with great satisfaction by Newman. Then he shuffled over to the wall and looked through the knot-hole again. He returned to the bag and brought out other articles of value.

"The rascal!" muttered Frank. "He didn't hide the stuff in the quarry at all, but had it concealed in that hole in the flooring. He's been fooling his pals all the time. They'll have their trouble for their pains and will come back empty-handed. Then there'll be a flare-up, but evidently he doesn't care for that even if he is at the mercy of his companions."

As the boy broker watched him he was figuring how he could get the bag of plunder away from the crook without making too much of a rumpus. He was nerving himself for the effort when Newman made another move toward the wall. That was the opportunity the boy broker felt he must not miss, for he might not get it again. He darted to the door, pulled it open softly, and sprang into the hut. Newman turned with a guilty start and saw him. He was relieved to find that it was not his pals playing a march on him, as he had feared.

"What do you want in here?" he demanded.

"This," cried Frank, seizing the bag and retreating toward the door.

"Drop that," roared Newman, putting his hand to his hip. Frank saw the glint of a revolver, and he got a hustle on. As he darted through the door there was a flash and a report. The bullet splintered the wood within an inch of the boy's head. In another moment he was outside, with the bag on his shoulder making for the road. A second shot was fired through the knot-hole, evidently for the purpose of attracting the attention of Lucas and Kirby. Frank glanced over his shoulder in the direction of the quarry, and saw the lantern coming up the rocky wall. He knew he had not a moment to lose, and he raced ahead as fast as he could go with such a weight as he had to carry.

CHAPTER VI.—Frank Gets His Reward.

Frank felt it was important to get as long a start as possible, and that, with the gloom of a dark night in his favor, he figured out to carry him through successfully. As he hustled forward visions of the \$10,000 reward, and the fame of the achievement, floated across his excited fancy.

"They'll soon know what's happened and will be after me hot foot," he muttered. "If they catch me they'll do better than I think they will."

Presently he reached a cross-road and remembered that he had followed the two men down it. He turned up it after pausing a moment to change the bag to his other shoulder. And so he proceeded many blocks without resting, and without hearing or seeing any indication of pursuit. At last he felt it was safe to sit down and take a rest. Fifteen minutes later he resumed his way, and he found himself in a more settled neighborhood. In the course of an hour he reached his aunt's house and let himself in with his latch-key. At last he felt that he and the bag of valuable plunder were safe, and he uttered a sigh of satisfaction. He carried the bag to his room and shoved it under his bed. Then he looked at his watch and found it was nearly one o'clock.

"It's high time for me to turn in," he said, and he did so.

When he came down in the morning his aunt asked what had kept him out so late. He told her his story, and her eyes fairly opened with astonishment. Frank ate his breakfast with a hearty appetite, and then taking the box containing the tiara, which he judged was by far the most valuable of the stolen articles, to offer as convincing proof of the story he had to tell Banker Ford, he started downtown for Wall Street. He went to his own office first and remained there until eleven, watching the ticker for any developments that might show in L. & N., and reading a Wall Street journal for which he had subscribed. Then taking the tiara with him, he started for Banker Ford's establishment. As soon as he sent his name in he was admitted.

"Good-morning, Fisk," said the banker.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ford. I've brought you good news."

"Indeed. The man who sold you the bonds has been arrested, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid not, sir, though that would have happened last night had I been in touch with a policeman."

"Ah, you saw the fellow then?" said the banker in a tone of interest.

"I saw the three men who committed the burglary."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir. I first ran across two of them not far from my aunt's house, in the upper Bronx, where I live. I followed them for about a mile into an unfrequented part of the city to a shanty close to a disused quarry where the third man is laid up with a sprained leg."

"Ah! And you notified the police, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I suppose I should have done so, though it was nearly one o'clock when I got back to my house, but I doubt if they would have been found there when the police got there."

"But the police would probably have been able to track them down, as you say one of the rascals had a sprained leg."

"Well, if you'll listen to my story I think you'll be satisfied with what I did," said the boy broker.

"Go ahead."

Frank then began at the beginning and told how the shower of rain obliged him to take ref-

uge in the unfinished building, and how the same shower brought the two burglars there also. He repeated their conversation as well as he could recall it, and then told the banker how he followed the men to the hut when the rain let up. He then described all he had seen and heard there, to which Mr. Ford listened with great interest. Finally he told how Lucas and Kirby went down into the quarry to search for the place where Newman told them he had hidden the plunder. Then he surprised the banker with the disclosure that the stolen property was not in the quarry at all, but hidden in the shack, and how he had seen Newman take the bag containing it out of a hole in the floor.

"Well?" asked the banker eagerly.

Frank then told him how he had watched the burglar examine the stolen jewelry and other articles in turn, and how, taking advantage of his chance, he had rushed into the hut and captured the bag.

"Do you mean to say that you recovered my property?" cried Mr. Ford.

"Yes, sir, though I barely escaped getting a bullet in my head. I managed to get away in the darkness, and was fortunate enough to carry the bag to my house without further adventure."

"Then all the stolen property is now at your house?"

"Yes, sir, with the exception of the tiara."

"You had to leave that behind?" said the banker, with a look of disappointment, for it was worth more than all the jewelry combined. "Too bad."

"No, sir. I carried that off with me, too."

"And what became of it?"

"I've got it with me. I brought it downtown with me to hand over to you, as I judge it was the most valuable thing the burglars got away with. Here it is," and the boy broker laid the package on the banker's desk. Mr. Ford tore the paper off and recognized the box at once. He opened it to make sure that the expensive tiara was in it, and his relief was great when he saw that it was.

"And the rest of my property is at your home?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Allow me to express my appreciation of the service you have rendered me."

"You are welcome, sir."

"You have won the reward of \$10,000 I offered for the capture of the thieves and the recovery of my property."

"I did not capture the thieves."

"No matter. The police will attend to that. The important thing to me is that this tiara and my wife's jewelry have been recovered, together with the securities. They were in the bag, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, with the exception of the ten Government bonds, of which I purchased five, you know."

"That is a small matter in connection with the rest. I value the things the burglars took from my house at about \$90,000. It appears that you have got back all but the \$5,000 three per cent. bonds. This tiara alone cost me \$20,000, and my wife regards it as the best of her possessions, and well she may. If you will give me your aunt's

address I will send a trusted servant there for the rest of my property. You had better write an order authorizing her to deliver it to my messenger. In the meantime I will pay you the reward."

Mr. Ford pulled his check-book out of a drawer in his desk and wrote a check for \$10,000, on a leading Wall Street bank, payable to Frank's order, and handed it to the boy broker.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said Frank, "but I think I ought to make good the value of those five bonds out of this."

"Not at all. We'll let them go. The loss is a small matter to me," said the wealthy banker.

That afternoon's papers had a full account of the recovery of Banker Ford's property by Frank Fisk, who was represented as the boy broker of Wall Street. Naturally the story brought Frank into the limelight, and made him the talk of the financial district. The result was the young trader became, for the time being, an object of great interest to most of the brokers in Wall Street.

CHAPTER VII.—The Bag of Gold.

Frank went down to his office at eleven next morning. He took a look at the ticker to see how the market, and particularly L. & M., was going. The latter had advanced a point above what he paid for it. Twelve o'clock came and with it Miss Clyde, as usual. She and Frank were now on a very friendly footing. She thought him the nicest young man she had ever met, and he had the idea that the fair stenographer was the finest girl in Wall Street.

"I saw by yesterday evening's papers that you distinguished yourself in that burglary case," she said with a smile.

"I suppose a fellow distinguishes himself when he does something out of the common," answered Frank.

"You must be very brave to venture among three burglars and take their spoils from them right under their noses."

"Two of them happened to be away from the hut at the time, and the chap I tackled had a game leg and couldn't do much to stop me."

"In your story you said he fired at you and you narrowly escaped the bullet," said Miss Clyde.

"That is correct. It was the only strenuous moment I had."

"You were fortunate to escape as well as you did."

"Yes, I guess I was. Well, I must go to lunch."

He reached for his hat and went out. He went up to Broadway to a restaurant he sometimes patronized on that street. As he neared the corner he saw his friend Will right ahead. He carried in his hand what appeared to be a bag of money. Frank hurried to overtake him. The sidewalk was well filled with passersby who somewhat obstructed his progress, but he got close to Will when the latter turned into Broadway. Then something happened that for nerve and boldness took the cake. Two men stepped forward, and while one grabbed Will with a strangle hold about the neck, which prevented him from crying out, the other snatched the bag of money, darted to the edge of the sidewalk, jumped into a cab, and was driven away.

A dozen people besides Frank saw the bold robbery, and fully a dozen others knew that something unusual was going on. Frank's first thought was to grab the man who had quickly released Will, and was trying to lose himself in the passing throng. He could have done it and secured his arrest, but he thought it wiser to follow the cab and try to keep it in sight. With this idea he jumped on a street car going in the same direction, and ran through it to the front platform. The cab was not able to go very fast owing to the rush of traffic, and the car had to proceed at a moderate speed for the same reason.

"See the cab yonder," he said to the driver.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I wish you could gain on it."

"Why?"

"Because there's a thief in it who snatched a bag of money from a messenger at the corner of Wall Street, and is trying to get away with it. If I can overtake the vehicle I'll stop it and have the rascal arrested."

"I can't go any faster than this, and I may have to stop at any moment. Your best plan is to chase it on foot."

"But the driver, who is in with the thief, will notice me and whip up at all risks."

Just then the conductor pulled the bell to stop, and the motorman had to put on the brake. At the same moment the cab turned into Cortlandt street. That settled the question of any further chase by the car. The boy broker sprang off and followed the cab as fast as he could. The driver had whipped up and was half a block ahead when some vehicles obstructed him again. Frank got a hustle on and tried to catch up before he could extricate himself. He only partially succeeded.

The cab got clear and the driver whipped up again. As the Pennsylvania Railroad Ferry was at the foot of the street there was nothing odd in his rush. A policeman would have supposed he was trying to catch a train boat. Frank, as he hurried on, wondered if he was aiming for the ferry. That proved to be his destination, and he drove right in aboard the boat. The boy broker rushed to the ferry ticket window, slammed down three cents and caught the boat. The next thing was to catch the man who had the stolen bag of gold. He doubted if he could accomplish this alone, and the question was could he secure help on his bare statement, which both the man and the driver would deny. He tackled a deckhand and told him the story.

"See the captain. He's in the pilot house," said the man.

The boat was already in the middle of the river and there wasn't a whole lot of time to lose. He saw the cab right ahead, for it was the last vehicle to come aboard. The thief had got out and was talking to the driver. Frank edged up on the opposite side and stuck his head in at the open window. He saw the end of the stolen bag peeping out from under the seat. In a moment he determined to get possession of it. He softly opened the cab door, seized the bag and drew it out. His movements had not been observed. Thrusting the bag under his jacket, he walked away with it, and entered the men's cabin, going forward to the deck and standing there till the

boat reached her slip, when he hurried ashore with the first of the passengers.

CHAPTER VIII—Frank Catches a Good Customer.

Frank rushed into the ferry-house and bought a return ticket for New York, and stayed there till it was almost time for the boat to start back, then he boarded her and duly reached the Cortlandt street slip. With the bag of money under his arm he made for Will's office in Wall Street. The account of the robbery had already got around Wall Street, and several newspaper men had 'phoned the story to their offices. Will was all up in the air over the loss. The fellow who had garroted him had made his escape, too, and as he hadn't got a fair look at either of the men, his account of the affair was very meager. He and his boss had a strenuous interview, and Will was sitting in his chair looking quite down in the mouth when Frank entered.

"Hello, Will. I heard you got robbed at the corner of Broadway," said Frank.

"I should say I did. I lost a bag containing \$3,000 in gold," replied Will gloomily.

"Is that all? I thought it was a million from the look of your face."

"Is that all? It's enough. I ain't sure whether I'll be fired or not. The boss is as mad as a hornet, and gave me Hail Columbia."

"Is he in?"

"Yes, he's in."

"I want to see him."

"What about?"

"That bag of gold."

"What have you got to say about it?"

"Not much. But I happen to have it here under my jacket. Look," and Frank threw his coat back and showed it.

Will gave a shout.

"Why, how did you get hold of it?"

"Show me in to your boss and keep your ears open and you'll learn."

Will rushed into his employer's room.

"The bag of money has been recovered," he cried. "Mr. Frank Fisk here brought it back."

Broker Drew looked up.

"What's that?" he cried.

"I have recovered your bag of money, sir," said Frank.

He laid the bag on the broker's desk.

"How did you get possession of it?" asked the broker.

Then Frank told his story, and Will's eyes opened very wide as he listened.

"That's a pretty smart boy," said Drew. "I never saw you."

"It isn't necessary, sir. I got a reward of—well, a considerable sum yesterday from Banker Ford for recovering \$5,000 or \$6,000 worth of his property from a pile of thieves. So it isn't worth while for you to offer me anything for my services in behalf of my friend Will and yourself," said Frank.

"Why, why, are you the boy who saved the Ford jewels and securities?" exclaimed the broker.

"I'm the boy."

"Upon my word, you're a most unusual young man. Accept my thanks for getting that bag of money away from the rascal who carried it off."

"You're welcome, sir. Will wasn't to blame, I assure you. I was right behind him when the job was pulled off, and he hadn't the ghost of a chance to save the money."

Frank and Will then walked out into the reception-room.

"By George, Frank, you're a corker!" said Will. "It isn't at all certain that Drew wouldn't have discharged me for losing that bag of money. Now that you brought it back I'm safe."

"Glad to hear it. Happy to be of service to you, Will."

Frank then said he must go to lunch.

"I was on my way to a restaurant when that incident happened, and I am away behind time. Before I go I'll take a look at the ticker."

He found that L. & N. had gone up another point. Then telling Will to drop around to his office when he got off for the day, he went off. The story of the theft of the bag of gold was in the afternoon papers, but the recovery of it by Frank was not known in the newspaper offices till later on. His connection with the case was noticed in the latest editions, and was published in full in the morning papers. All Wall Street read about it, of course, and he got another boost in the estimation of the Street.

On the following day Broker Drew sent him a valuable pair of gold cuff buttons in consideration of his services. Several days passed, during which L. & N. continued to go up. When the price reached par he sold out and made a profit of \$3,000. When Broker Gage settled with him he handed the broker the money back and \$7,000 in addition, and told him to buy 1,000 shares of O. & C. on margin. Gage got it for 85, and notified him to that effect. Frank was sitting in his office when a white-haired old gentleman of genial aspect came in.

"Are you Frank Fisk, the boy broker?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, that's my name, and I'm a boy broker without doubt, for I'm not nineteen years old yet. Take a seat, Mr.—"

"Edwards is my name."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Edwards?"

"You are the boy who recovered the property stolen from Banker Ford's house?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you also got that bag of money away from the thief who robbed the messenger boy at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street?"

"I plead guilty to that count, too."

"You are a remarkable boy," said the old gentleman, regarding him with much interest.

"I'm beginning to think I must be, so many people have lately been informing me of the fact. I hope you didn't come here merely to add your testimony, for it's getting to be somewhat monotonous."

"No, I had a curiosity to see you after what the papers printed about you."

"Well, I hope I come up to the estimate you formed of me."

"A boy broker is rather an unusual phenomenon in Wall Street."

"I hope not an unwelcome one."

"Not if they prove as smart as you have."

"Thank you for the compliment. I hope to deserve all the nice things I have heard about myself since I got into the limelight."

"Well, young man, how would you like to do a little business for me?"

"I have not the slightest objection. I have only had one customer so far, and he proved to be an undesirable one. I should like to have a respectable one for a change."

"I'm an operator on the market and have decided to make a change in my brokers. I'm going to give you a chance, and if you make good there is no reason why you should not continue to handle my business."

"I'll do my best to suit you, Mr. Edwards."

"Very well. I am about to purchase O. & C. I want you to buy any part of 5,000 shares for me, and have the stock delivered C. O. D. at the Manhattan National."

"Yes, sir," said Frank, delighted at receiving such a large order, the commission on which was likely to amount to over \$600.

"Buy as close to the market as you can, but I authorize you to give 86 if necessary to complete the order," said Mr. Edwards.

Frank wrote out the order and asked his visitor to sign it, which he did.

"You haven't told me where your office is, sir," he said.

Mr. Edwards handed him his business card.

"You must lose no time in filling the order, for others are after it, too, and the price will go up," said the old gentleman.

"I'll get on the job at once."

"As soon as you have filled the order, wholly or in part, notify me, and enclose your statement of account," said Mr. Edwards, rising.

"All right, sir. I hope to fill the whole order within 86, and will do my best to get it as near 85 as possible."

His new customer said good-by and went away, and Frank, putting on his hat, went out to see about securing the stock. He met Broker Scott on the street.

"Got any O. & C., Mr. Scott?" he said, after they had shaken hands.

"Yes, I've got a couple of thousand. Want some?"

"That depends on what you are asking for it. The market price is 85."

"Won't you make it an eighth?"

"No; it looks as if it might go up."

"Well, I'll take the bunch. Deliver the certificates C. O. D. at the Manhattan National."

"All right. I'll attend to it right away, for I'm on my way to my office now."

They exchanged memorandums and Frank went on to get the other 3,000 shares. On the directory of the first office building he stepped in he saw Broker Standish's name, so Frank went up to see him. Standish was in and gave the boy a hearty welcome. After they had talked a few minutes Frank said he was looking for O. & C. shares.

"Got any, Mr. Standish?" he asked.

"I've got 1,000."

"What do you want for them?"

"Well, I want 85 1-2."

"I'll give you 85 1-8."

Standish shook his head, so the boy broker closed with him at his figure, and directed him where to send them C. O. D.

"Do you know where I can get a few more?" asked Frank.

"Go and see Peters. He's on this floor. He may have some," said Standish.

So Frank paid Broker Peters a visit. He was out, but the cashier said he could let him have 1,000 shares of O. & C. at 85 1-2.

"I'll take you," said the boy, and the deal was made.

Frank said he needed another 1,000 to complete his order, and the cashier referred him to Broker Hahn across the corridor. The boy broker visited Hahn, and found him in.

"You want O. & C. you say?" said Broker Hahn.

"Yes, sir."

"How many shares?"

"One thousand."

"I have just that number, and you can have them for 86."

Frank looked at the tape to find the latest quotation, and found that it was 85 1-8.

"I'll give you 85 3-8."

"I'll make it three-quarters," said Hahn.

Frank shook his head and started to get up.

"I'll let you have them for 85 5-8," said Hahn.

"Eighty-five and one-half is my limit."

Hahn, after some hesitation, made the deal. That wound up Frank's order, and on his way back to the office he found that his commission would amount to \$625. He wrote a letter to Mr. Edwards, enclosed his statement of account, and mailed it to the operator. On the following afternoon Edwards sent him a check for his commission, and complimented him on filling the order so soon, and at so satisfactory a price.

"I'm beginning to do real business," Frank told himself as he put the check in the safe, as it was too late to collect it that day.

CHAPTER IX.—The Clerk Who Tried to Be Funny.

When Will dropped in Frank told him that he had captured a first-class customer.

"I've just made \$625 commission out of him on one order," he said.

"You're doing well. How did you catch him?"

"He called on me of his own accord."

"He must have money to give you such a large order."

"Yes, for the value of the stock I bought for him is \$427.50, and he has paid for it."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"His name is Edwards."

"You don't mean Lucian Edwards?"

"That's his name."

"Why, he is one of our most important customers."

"He told me he was going to change his broker, and had decided to give me a trial. He said if I proved satisfactory there was no reason why I shouldn't handle all his business."

"Did he tell you that?"

"He did, but you needn't repeat it to your boss."

"Well, you've made a ten-strike if you hold him on your books."

"I shall do my best to please him."

"He must have had some misunderstanding with Drew."

"That is quite probable, or he would not have concluded to make a change."

"It's funny he would come to you. Some people don't patronize inexperienced brokers. And you're only a boy at that."

"If I am then there is no reason why he shouldn't give me a trial."

"His custom will give you a good boost. You ought to have an office boy to look after any customers who might come here when you are out."

"I've been thinking of that. Miss Clyde is the only person I have at present, and she can only help me out between twelve and one."

"She's a pretty girl."

"Yes, and as nice as she's pretty. I wish I could afford to keep her here all the time, but I haven't anything for her to do."

"Get a boy, at any rate. Mr. Edwards is liable to drop in any time, and if he finds your office shut up two or three times he might shake you."

"I'll advertise for one right away."

At that point the door opened and two clerks from the adjoining office walked in. They looked at both of the boys, but as Frank was at his desk they picked him out as the tenant of the room.

"Mr. Fisk, I believe," said the one in advance with emphasis on the Mr.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy broker.

"You deal in stocks and bonds?"

"That is what my sign says."

"What commission do you charge?"

"The customary one—one-eighth of one per cent. for buying, and ditto for selling."

"I should like you to buy me 100 shares of the Siberian & Kamchatka Railway."

That was enough for Frank to size up their object.

"Sorry, but I don't like to encourage boys to speculate," he replied calmly.

"Are you referring to me?" asked the visitor, assuming a dignified air.

"I am. You appear to be extremely boyish."

As the caller sported a mustache and was twenty-two years of age, he viewed Frank's remark in the light of an insult.

"How dare you address me that way?" he said angrily.

"I address you as I think you deserve," replied Frank coolly.

"Do you know who I am?"

"I do not, but I imagine you don't amount to a whole lot."

"I've a great mind to chastise you for your insulting words," cried the visitor, growing very red in the face.

"I wouldn't, if I were you. The exertion might bring on heart failure."

"You're an impertinent puppy."

"Thank you. The exhibition you are making of yourself is quite interesting. Go on; I should like to see how far you can carry it."

"Bah! The idea of you thinking you're a broker! I wouldn't hire you for an office boy."

"I have graduated from that position, thank you; when do you expect to do the same?"

"I suppose you think you're funny," sneered the clerk.

"I couldn't be as funny as you tried to be when you first came in."

"Confound you! You ought to be thrown out of the building."

"Run along, sonny. I don't care to waste my time on brainless kids."

That was more than the clerk could stand. He made a rush at Frank. The boy broker put up his bent knee and caught the visitor in the stomach. The shock staggered him and took his breath away. Before he had time to recover, Frank jumped from his chair, grabbed the intruder by the neck and the slack of his trousers, and telling Will to open the door, rushed him outside.

"Now, what can I do for you?" he asked the other caller.

"Nothing. I only came in with Thompson," he said in a subdued way.

"All right. The way is clear to follow him. If he ever comes in here again I'll drop him down the back stairs," said Frank.

The clerk's companion passed out.

"You gave that chap the razoo in fine shape," laughed Will.

"I didn't give him half as much as he deserved. He and his friend came in here to make game of me. Such fresh chaps ought to be handled without gloves," said the boy broker.

"That's right," nodded Will.

Then the door opened and Miss Clyde came in as she did every day before going home.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Fisk?" she said.

"Nothing this afternoon, thank you, Miss Clyde," replied Frank.

"Then I'll go home," she said with a smile.

The boys bowed and she went off. That afternoon Frank advertised for an office boy, and knowing that a mob was sure to besiege his office, he avoided such an unpleasant state of affairs by stating that applicants must apply by mail in their own handwriting, and address their communications to a box at the newspaper office. When he came down in the morning about half-past nine he stopped at the newspaper office and found at least 100 letters awaiting him. He carried them to his office and went over them, sifting out of a few of the most promising. These he replied to, asking the boys to call at different hours. Next day he saw the boys, and picked out one of them. His name was Billy Smith, and he had been a telegraph messenger. He was to begin on \$5 a week.

By this time O. & C. had gone up to 90. Frank spent more of his time outside, talking to brokers and watching the course of the stock market in their offices. The rumor was so prevalent that O. & C. would go to 95, at any rate, and so Frank held on to it. One morning when it was ruling at 91 1-2, Frank heard a heated conversation between two traders concerning it that induced him to call on Broker Gage and order his 1,000 shares sold. An hour later he had reason to

congratulate himself on having got out of it, for the stock dropped to 86 with considerable rapidity. Next day he collected something over \$6,000 profit coming to him on the deal. His capital now amounted to \$25,000, and he felt that his standing in Wall Street was fairly well assured.

CHAPTER X.—The Boy Broker Makes a Big Haul.

One morning when Frank reached his office he found an envelope on his desk in a female handwriting.

"Miss Clyde left that for you," said Billy Smith, the office boy.

"All right," replied Frank, tearing it open and looking at it. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Fisk: I met a young lady I am very well acquainted with this morning on the train down. I have spoken to her about you, and how kind you were to put me in the way of getting steady work when I needed it so badly. She told me she would give me the chance to return the favor. She is the confidential stenographer for Busby & Co., the big brokers. She said that a syndicate had been formed in Busby's office to corner and boom Southern Railway shares, and that the firm has started in buying the stock on the quiet. She pointed out that this would be a good chance for you to make a big haul if you had money enough to put into it. She said you had better lose no time, but buy as many shares of Southern Railway as you could afford. It's going at 120, and she heard her employer, Mr. Busby, say that it is sure to rise to 140, or higher, inside of ten days. I hope you will take advantage of this, for the young lady is in a position to know all the facts. Yours, Kittie Clyde."

Frank read the letter over twice, then he went to the office where Kittie was employed forenoons and had a talk with her. She assured him that the tip could be relied on as the real goods.

"All right, then I'll tackle it," said Frank. "If I win out I'll see that you get a rake-off."

"But I don't want a rake-off," protested Kittie. "I am doing this to repay you for your kindness to me."

"It wasn't necessary for you to worry about repaying me. I was only too glad to do you a service. If I win you must accept a small rake-off at any rate, if only to oblige me," said Frank.

He went back to his office, took \$20,000 of his funds, and calling on Broker Gage, left an order for him for the purchase of 2,000 shares of Southern Railway at or as close to the market as he could get it. Gage had no trouble getting it for 120, and he sent Frank word to that effect. On his way to lunch Frank met Will on Broad Street.

"Say, Will, I've got hold of a fine tip, and I'll pass it on to you if you see your way clear to use it," said the boy broker.

"I've got \$100 I can use. What's the tip?"

"Buy Southern Railway at once, and hold it for a rise of fifteen or twenty points."

"Are you sure the pointer is a good one?" asked Will.

"It's good enough for me to risk \$20,000 on."

"Then I'll buy ten shares of it," said Will, and they parted.

Next morning Frank paid a visit to the gallery of the Stock Exchange. From that point of vantage he saw Broker Busby, whom he knew by sight, buying every share of Southern Railway that was offered. If he had any doubts about the tip that fact assured him it was all right. During the afternoon the stock began to advance, and went up two points. Before three, however, it dropped back again a point and a quarter. It closed at 121 1-2. Even that slight advance put Frank \$3,000 ahead, and he so informed Kittie when she came in that afternoon. A messenger boy came in and handed him a note. It was from Mr. Edwards, the operator, and requested Frank to call on him. The boy broker lost no time in doing so.

"I've got another commission for you," said the operator.

"Glad to hear it, sir."

"You executed the last one in such good style that I have no doubt you will be able to put this one through. I want 10,000 shares of K. & P. There is not a great deal of it on the market just at present, but I have learned that Broker Drake has 5,000 shares of it. Call on him and make the best terms you can."

"I wish it was some other broker," said Frank.

"Why so?"

"Because I'm not on good terms with Mr. Drake."

"That's too bad. You had better get some broker friend of yours to call on him, then, and divide the commission with him."

"Oh, I don't mind calling on him on business. I don't apprehend that he will kick me out."

"Well, do as you choose, only get me those 1,000 shares as soon as you can. Have them delivered as before at the Manhattan National."

"All right, sir," and Frank took his leave.

He went right around to Drake's office, but that broker had gone home for the day, and he made a few other calls and secured 1,000 shares of K. & P. Next morning at half-past nine he called again at Drake's office and sent in his name. He wasn't sure that the broker would see him, but he did.

"What do you want?" scowled Drake.

"I am looking for K. & P. stock, and hearing you had some, I called to see what you would take for it," said Frank.

"How much do you want?" growled Drake, who never let personal enmity interfere with business.

"How many shares have you got?"

"More than you'll ever be able to buy on the longest day of your life."

"I'm buying for a customer," said Frank.

"A customer? When did you acquire one?"

"Miracles happen sometimes, Mr. Drake," said Frank pleasantly.

"Huh! I can't sell you less than 100 shares."

"I want more than a thousand."

"You do. Where's the money to pay for them?"

"You'll get your money all right on delivery."

"I wouldn't deliver the stock without it."

"I want to get 5,000 shares."

"What! Five thousand!" and Drake sat back and stared at Frank.

"Yes, sir. Have you got that many?"

"I have."

"What do you want for them?"

"Say, is this bona fide business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want 102."

"That's too much. Make it 101 1-2 and I'll go you."

"Say, who are you buying so much high-priced stock for?"

"A customer."

"Do you mean to tell me you have a customer who has given you an order for half a million dollars' worth of stock? It's preposterous!"

Frank might have told him that the order he had received was for a full million, but he didn't.

"If you close with me you'll find out that there is nothing preposterous about it."

"Show up a certified check for the money."

"I can't do that."

"I thought not," sneered Drake.

"I can give you an order on the Manhattan National for the money on delivery of the shares. That ought to satisfy you."

"I'll take it at 101 3-4."

"Make it 5-8ths."

"No, I won't. Three-quarters or nothing."

Frank saw he was in earnest, so he agreed to pay that. Drake made the deal, and Frank wrote out the order. The broker looked it over.

"If this turns out to be a fake I'll break every bone in your body," he said menacingly.

"All right, sir. It's a safe risk for me to run."

He took his leave and spent several hours hunting up the balance of his order. By two o'clock he had purchased the 10,000 shares, and he sent word to Mr. Edwards by his office boy. His commission on this transaction footed up \$1,250. Allowing sufficient time for the shares to be sent untransferred to the bank, Frank made out his order and sent it to his customer. Several days passed, during which he got a check for the commission from Mr. Edwards, and then K. & P. took on an unexpected boom and went up ten points. The Street was taken by surprise, and no broker more so than Drake. He was mad, too, to know that he had lost \$50,000 by the deal. And he was twice as mad to think the deal had been made to Fisk. He couldn't do anything, but it reminded him that it was time to try and get even with the boy broker for past matters.

He started in to think out some plan for bringing the market down. While his mind was thus occupied, Southern Railway began to boom. Brokers went dippy over it, Drake among the number. He had ordered 100,000 when Frank got word from Busby's stenographer, through Miss Clyde, to sell. He was on his way to Gage's office to give in his order when he passed Drake and three other brokers at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. Drake said he'd give 136 1-2 for any part of 5,000 shares of Southern Railway.

"I'll take you, Mr. Drake," said Frank, stepping forward.

The bunch looked at him.

"I've got 2,000 shares of Southern Railway

which you can have at 136 1-2, Mr. Drake," said Frank.

"Got another customer, I suppose," sneered the broker.

"No, sir. This is my own stock."

"Do you mean to tell me that you own stock worth \$275,000?"

"No, sir. I bought it on margin. I have a ten per cent. interest in it."

"Who's holding it for you?"

"William Gage, No. — Broad street."

"Give me an order on him and I'll take you."

Frank handed him the order, they exchanged memorandums, and then Drake rushed off to get his check certified and take it to Gage. In a short time he reached Gage's office, and, showing Frank's order, bought the shares and passed over his check. Then he went to look for some more at the Exchange. Before he got there a bear attack on Southern Railway upset the market and put the stock on the run. A sort of panic set in, and when Drake rushed on the floor he found things going to the bowwows. He made a desperate effort to sell out, and finally succeeded, but he lost nearly \$20,000 through his purchase of the stock.

Frank, on the contrary, having sold at the top of the market, cleared a profit of \$33,000. After figuring it up the boy broker decided that the least he could give Kittie for the tip was five per cent. of his winnings, or \$1,500. When she came in that afternoon he told her how successful he had been with her pointer, and she was astonished to learn that he had made so much out of it. In her eyes that was a fortune.

"And now, Miss Clyde, I shall present you with a rake-off of \$1,500," he said.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to give me as much as that?"

"I certainly do mean it," he said. "In fact, I think I ought to give you twice as much as that."

She protested that she had no right to anything at all, but he said he would not have made his big profit if she hadn't given him the tip.

"I think your friend who furnished the tip ought to be considered in the case, too, so after I collect the money you can take her \$1,500 also, with my compliments," he said.

Broker Gage sent him his check next day, and then Frank handed Kitty \$3,000 in cash, half of which was for her young lady friend. The \$1,500 was a most welcome windfall for Kittie and her mother, who were struggling to make ends meet. Mrs. Clyde took charge of it and deposited the bulk of it in a saving bank. They were now relieved of all financial anxiety in the immediate future. Will Wagner might have made \$160, but unfortunately he did not sell until after the slump, and the result was he was lucky to get out with \$50 to the good.

CHAPTER XI.—Frank's Second Customer.

Drake was as mad as a whole nest of hornets when he figured up his loss. What he didn't feel like doing to the boy broker is hardly worth mentioning. Yet he felt that he had no resource but to grin and bear it. The boy made a big

profit at his expense, and the only thing he could do was to try and rope Frank into some deal and do him up.

As he was not on good terms with the boy, this was going to be a difficult matter to accomplish. Somehow or another one of the Wall Street newspaper men heard that the boy broker had made a good thing out of the boom in Southern Railway, and called on him for confirmation.

"Who told you I had made money out of Southern Railway?" asked Frank after the reporter had stated his mission.

"No one in particular. I heard a bunch of traders talking about your success, so I thought I'd call around and see if it was so."

"What object have you in finding out?"

The visitor admitted that he was a newspaper man, and that he would write it up if Frank admitted the truth of the rumor.

"I'm a space writer, and I'll make \$2 or \$3 out of it," he said. "It won't do any harm; in fact, it ought to give you a boost, and will help me make my bread and butter."

"All right," said the boy broker. "Go ahead. I did make some money out of the boom."

"How much?"

"I must decline to state what I actually made. I am not confiding my business to the public."

The reporter went away, and next morning the result of his efforts was a story which credited the boy broker of Wall Street with a coup in Southern Railway out of which he had cleared \$50,000.

Frank chuckled when he read it. Most of the brokers read it, too, and commented on it. Scott and Standish called on Frank and asked him if he had really made that amount out of Southern Railway.

"To tell the honest truth, I didn't, though I admit I made something," replied Frank. "I didn't have enough shares to make so much."

"How many shares did you have?"

"Two thousand."

"Then I guess you must have made \$20,000 at any rate," said Scott.

"I'm not giving out what I made. I think it's a wise thing to keep one's business to one's self. What do you think?"

"You've got a level head. However, that story has set a lot of the traders talking about you. Very few people acquire the prominence you have in such a short time. You see the advantage of getting into the newspapers."

"I think the advantage is all with the newspapers. I've furnished them with news on three different occasions, and I don't know that I've gained a whole lot out of the notoriety they've given me."

"Well, how is your business getting on?" asked Standish.

"Fine. I've one good customer."

"One," laughed both traders. "Is that as far as you've got?"

"Yes, but he's as profitable as a hundred ordinary ones."

"He gives you a lot of orders, eh?"

"No, he's only given me two orders so far, but the sum total of both amounted to \$1,500,000."

The brokers looked at each other.

"He's a pretty big speculator. How did you hook him?" said Scott.

"He walked into my parlor of his own accord. He said he read about me in the papers, and——"

"And yet you just said you had made nothing out of the papers."

"Well, I forgot about my customer."

"I guess you have no kick coming against the newspapers, after all."

"I can't say that I have."

Frank then told them how he had unloaded his Southern Railway on Drake just before the slump.

"I'll bet he's sore on you," said Scott.

"He always has been. It's a whole lot of satisfaction to me to get in on Mr. Drake. Kind of evens up the mean treatment he handed out to my uncle."

The brokers admitted that it did, and then they said they'd have to get back to their offices. Shortly after they went away a lady came in and introduced herself as Mrs. Wilkins, said she had some Atlas mining shares she wanted to sell.

"Did you bring the certificates with you, madam?" asked Frank.

"No, I wanted to find out what I could get for them before I brought them down."

Frank looked up the mining report and told her that Atlas was only a prospect, and had little standing in the market.

"It is quoted at ten cents, but I doubt if buyers are very numerous. It is only occasionally dealt in on the Curb."

"Why is that?" she asked.

"Because there is little call for it. How many shares have you got?"

"I really couldn't say, but I know I have quite a bunch of certificates."

"Well, bring them down and I will try to sell them for you."

Then Will came in and Frank asked him how he came out on Southern Railway.

"Nothing extra," replied Will. "At one time I was \$165 ahead, but the slump nipped me out of more than a hundred of it."

"I'd have been caught myself if I hadn't been tipped off to sell at once," said the boy broker.

"Who tipped you?"

"The person who sent me the pointer originally. She——"

"She! Was it a girl?"

"I didn't mean to let it out, but it was a girl."

"She must be a good friend of yours."

"On the contrary, I haven't the honor of her acquaintance."

"And yet she sent you a tip on the market that was a winner?"

"She did it as a favor to a young lady I do know."

"Oh, I see. You ought to make them both a handsome present."

"I've given them each five per cent. of my winnings."

"That's fair enough. How much did you make out of the deal?"

"I made, in round numbers, \$33,000, and I gave the girls \$3,000 of that between them."

"Gee! You're getting rich fast. You must be worth \$50,000."

"I am, and a little over."

"You're working the Wall Street stock market pretty good."

"I'm pretty lucky."

"If you could only get a bunch of customers you'd be all right."

"They'll come in time. There was a lady in here a little while ago who has some Atlas mining shares she wants to sell. She's going to bring the certificates down to-morrow. It's a rather slow proposition though."

Kittie came in at that moment, and they got talking with her on subjects quite foreign to the Wall Street stocks. About eleven next morning Mrs. Wilkins appeared with a package and handed it to Frank with the remark that it contained the Atlas certificates. The broker opened it and found fifty 100-share certificates. He made out an order for the sale of the stock at a figure as near the market as he could get, and asked the lady to sign it.

"When shall I call again?" she asked.

"In three or four days. Just put down your address after your name."

The lady did so and then took her leave. Shortly afterward Frank went down to the Curb to see if he could sell the stock. There was no call for it and he couldn't get an offer. Then he went over to Jersey City and tried there, with no better result. He returned to his office and put the stock in the safe. There seemed to be very small chance of selling even a part of Atlas stock. The lady would be disappointed, and he feared she would think that he did not amount to much as a broker. Finally he decided to buy it himself for nine cents. It would cost him \$450, which wasn't a whole lot, and he might have to wait for some time before he found a customer for it. This wasn't exactly business, but he didn't mind holding a few shares of cheap stock in his safe as long as he could afford to.

So when Mrs. Wilkins returned two days later he told her he had disposed of her stock for nine cents. She was delighted to hear it, for, she said, she needed the money. Frank charged her a commission of \$25, and handed her \$425 in cash. She went away perfectly satisfied. Such was the boy broker's experience with his second legitimate customer.

CHAPTER XII.—A Coup in Copper.

Not many days later a broker who was an entire stranger to Frank came to see him.

"I've heard a lot about you, Fisk," said the visitor, who had introduced himself as Henry Hicks.

"Through the newspapers, I suppose?" replied Frank.

"Not altogether. The brokers often talk about you, and they all seem to think you a mighty smart boy," said Hicks.

"I'm much obliged to them for their good opinion."

"I guess you deserve it, for you look smart to me. I heard you made a haul out of the Southern Railway boom."

"I made a few dollars."

"Only a few dollars! Why, I heard you soaked Broker Drake for \$20,000."

"I don't see how you could have heard that, for I never told anybody how much I made selling him the 2,000 shares he took off my hands."

"He lost nearly \$20,000 by buying it, so the inference was you made about that."

"I sold him the stock at 136 1-2. I might have bought it for 135, which would only have put \$3,000 in my pocket."

"I guess you bought it considerably cheaper than 135."

"Maybe I did."

"Well, I didn't come here to talk about that, but to invite you to go in on a copper syndicate we are forming."

"What do you mean by we?"

"Oh, there's a bunch of us—Riley, Harkins, Benson," and he rattled off a dozen other names of Wall Street traders of no great prominence.

Frank didn't know any of them.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Hicks, but I don't care to go into the syndicate business," replied Frank.

"Not go in!" cried Hicks, with apparent astonishment. "Why, you couldn't find a better chance to make sure money."

"I have no knowledge whatever of syndicates, and for that reason I don't want to get mixed up in anything I am not acquainted with."

"A syndicate is merely a combination of capitalists who get together to push through a scheme that would be too big for one of them alone to handle."

"I know that much. Are the gentlemen you mentioned capitalists?"

"Well, no, not exactly. They all have a certain amount of dough, but not enough to go it alone. Hence the combining of their capital with the view of concerning and booming a certain copper stock, the name of which you will learn if you go in with us."

"But suppose this syndicate fails to corner the stock?"

"No danger," said Hicks confidently.

"Why not?"

"Because we know just what is before us and how to pull the wires to make a sure thing of it."

"There is nothing that may be called sure in Wall Street. Take the Southern Railway boom, for instance. There was a syndicate behind that, yet it went to the wall just as the members were about to realize."

"How do you know there was a syndicate behind that?"

"I had it from good authority."

"Oh, Southern Railway was an altogether different proposition from our copper scheme. A stock that sells as high as 120 takes millions to swing, and such risks are always dangerous. The copper stock we are going to handle is cheap, and it will not take a raft of money to work it. We are each putting in \$50,000, and we expect to draw out double that in profit," said Hicks glibly.

"Well, you'll have to count me out," said the boy broker.

"Why, this is the chance of your life," said Hicks.

"Oh, I guess I'll have other chances. I'm young yet."

"But you won't meet with another opportunity like this in a hurry."

"I can't help that. I'd rather not go in."

"And miss this cinch I'm offering you?"

"You never met me before, Mr. Hicks. Why are you so eager to put a good thing in my way? It isn't the custom of Wall Street people."

"We want one more person to complete the combine. Your name was mentioned, and I was told to call on you."

"Well, I prefer not to invest my money where I can't have control of it."

"What difference does that make? All you'll have to do is to put in \$50,000 to help——"

"How do you know I'm worth \$50,000?"

"We have an idea you are worth more than that, otherwise I wouldn't have been deputed to approach you."

"I won't say whether I'm worth that amount or not. If I am I need it in my business."

"You don't seem to be doing any business."

"Everything doesn't appear on the surface."

"You've only been out for yourself a couple of months, and you could hardly have got hold of many customers in that time."

"We won't discuss that. When a person goes into a combine he has got to be governed by the will of the majority. I'd rather not be governed by anybody's will but my own."

"You appear to have a lot of confidence in your own judgment."

"I'm giving you a sample of it now. In my judgment it is better for me to stay out of combines and paddle my own canoe."

"I disagree with you. If all money men acted on that principle there would be no syndicates, and consequently no stupendous deals pulled off."

"The men who go into syndicates understand the situation much better than I do the one you are representing. What is the copper stock you're going to handle?"

"Oh, come now, you wouldn't expect me to disclose that. It's a secret, not to be imparted to an outsider."

"Don't you know that very powerful interests are behind the copper situation? Suppose these interests objected to the booming of the mine you have in view, how long would your syndicate last against a bear raid?"

"We understand all that and will provide against it."

"I trust you will, but I wouldn't take the chances your syndicate might have to face. Remember that the best laid schemes often end in a blow-up."

"Then you won't go in with us?"

"No, sir. I am very much obliged for the invitation to join you, but I feel I am too young and inexperienced for such things. A young sheep, you know, has to be particularly careful of its fleece, or it might wake up some morning and find itself shaved to the skin, like some circus dogs. Winter is coming on, and I am not hankering after a diet of snowballs."

"You talk as if you distrusted our project."

"To say the truth, I do, though I do not insin-

uate that you gentlemen have any sinister motives toward me personally."

"Quite the contrary. We'd like to see you benefit with the rest of us."

"I will give you credit for the sentiment, anyway."

"Well, you'll see a certain copper stock boom in a few days, and then you'll feel sorry that you are not on the inside."

Thus speaking, Hicks got up and wished the boy broker good-day.

As soon as Hicks left, Frank put on his hat and went out, too.

He reached the ground floor in time to see his visitor going out at the front entrance. He kept him in sight and saw him meet a certain Curb broker near Exchange Place. Frank took refuge in a nearby doorway and watched them. They were presently joined by another Curb trader. Frank made a note of the faces of both of these men, and felt sure he would know them if he saw them again. After a time the three walked off and lost themselves in the crowd around the Curb Exchange. Frank then went to Gage's office and told that gentleman about the offer he had turned down.

"You did right. It is probably only a small syndicate that is finding it hard to raise enough money to carry out its plans, otherwise you wouldn't be invited to come in. This syndicate business is very risky, even when there is a barrel of money in sight. If you had \$50,000 to put in it, and invested it, you might never get a dollar back. Even if it was successful these men might hatch up some way of doing you out of a part of your profits. A man ought to be a millionaire before he dreams of taking part in any syndicate, and then he wants to know all about his associates before he goes in, and the chances of success. To go into a blind pool, such as you were invited to take part in, is a fool trick," said Gage.

Every day after that found Frank hovering around the Curb market watching what was going on, and he kept his eyes on one or both of the men he had seen with Hicks whenever they happened to be about. After a while he found out that they were buying Dakota Copper. It was ruling around \$5 a share.

After watching them for the better part of a day, he called on Broker Scott and gave him an order to buy 10,000 shares of the stock for him. This was no margin deal, for he intended to buy the stock outright. He didn't expect to lose a great deal if his plans went a tray, for Dakota Copper was pretty solid at \$5. Scott bought the 10,000 shares in small lots, wherever he could get them, and about half of them he got at the Curb. Continuous purchase of Dakota Copper attracted attention and it began to rise. Many brokers took a hand and it went up to \$7 that day. There was nothing particularly astonishing in this, as the stock often went up from one to four or five points when heavily dealt in for one reason or another. Next day continued purchases sent it to \$9 by noon.

Frank had an idea that this rise blocked the plans of the syndicate, unless the members of it had more money than he believed they had. When he went into the deal he had not looked for such

an advance in the price for several days, and he began to wonder if he hadn't better sell out before it dropped, then if he found Hicks's associates still buying, he could go into it again and make a double profit. While he was considering the stock went to \$10. He saw Scott at the rope and he told him to sell 1,000 shares. The broker did so, and Frank saw one of Hicks's friends took it.

"Offer another 1,000," said the boy broker.

Scott offered it at 10 1-8, and it went to the same man.

"Feed him another block," said Frank to Scott. It went at 10 1-4.

Seeing that the market continued to rise, Frank held off till it reached 11.

"Put out 2,000 in 500 lots," said Frank.

Scott got \$11 for it. All the brokers were now interested in the copper rise, which they couldn't account for. At two o'clock it was up to \$12. Frank was afraid to hold on any longer.

"Dump out the rest," he said to Scott.

He found buyers in plenty, and easily got rid of it. He then showed Frank his bunch of memorandums, and they figured out that the boy broker had cleared \$62,000 on his copper deal. At that point several brokers appeared and began to sell copper in big blocks. Their action upset the market, and the price began to topple. Inside of ten minutes copper was on the run, and all who had it tried to get somebody else to take it off their hands. A small panic ensued, and when the smoke of battle cleared away Dakota Copper was down to \$6.

The syndicate Frank had been invited to enter did not go to the wall, but the members lost about \$30,000 each, and this would have been the boy broker's fate if he had gone into it. In place of which, by working on his own hook, after he found that the syndicate was actually buying, he made twice as much as the individual members of the combine lost. Of course, luck played largely in his favor, just as luck helped the syndicate at the start, but Frank's success came through getting out before the brokers of the big copper men got busy. He was now worth \$118,000, and you may well believe he felt pretty good.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Stolen Stock.

Frank had been keeping his money in his office safe right along, though he felt that he was taking something of a risk in doing so. He hadn't heard of such a thing as a burglary in the financial district since he had been connected with it, but a fire might occur, and he could not tell how his safe would stand a good one. All modern safes were fireproof, it is true, but sometimes when surrounded by an intense heat the contents have been charred more or less.

When a person can rent a safe deposit box for \$5 a year and upwards, according to size, there really was no excuse for him keeping his money in the safe. He woke up to that fact while feasting his eyes on the big pile of bills that represented over \$100,000, and was all his own. He put most of the money in his pocket, held his

hand on it and made a bee-line for the Washington Safe Deposit Vaults a few doors away.

He rented a \$10 box, put the bills in it, and went away feeling that the money was absolutely safe as long as it remained there. About half-past four that day, as he was about to escort Kittie to the Hanover Square elevated station, a stranger came in and said he wanted to see about buying a block of Black Diamond mining stock. As he would probably be detained a quarter of an hour, Frank told the stenographer that she had better not wait for him, so she went off alone. The stranger asked a number of questions about the mine, and in order to answer some of them Frank had to go over the back numbers of a mining circular he received regularly every week from a Goldfield brokerage firm.

While he was thus engaged a second man came in and stopped near the door. When the boy broker looked up to see who his other visitor was he was confronted by a revolver in the hand of his first visitor.

"Now, young fellow, if you make any outcry to attract attention I'll blow your roof off, and take the chances of getting away," said the man, as the other turned the key in the door and put his back against it.

"What's your game?" asked Frank, looking him in the eye.

"Our game is a simple matter—we want you to open your safe."

"You won't find much in it."

"We'll take our chances of that. You're only a boy, and you can't deposit your funds in a bank and check against it like brokers generally. Under those circumstances you have to run your business on a cash basis. We read a story in the newspaper a while ago that you had made \$50,000 in some stock, so you must be worth money. We intended to visit you before, but there were reasons why we couldn't, so you escaped until now. I dare say you have quite a tidy sum in yonder safe, so just get up and open it, and do it quickly."

"You have made a miscalculation. I don't keep my funds in my safe, but in my safe deposit box," replied Frank.

"All of it?"

"All but a few dollars."

"Well, you open the safe and we'll see what the few dollars amount to," said the man.

"That would alarm the building and you'd be caught. It isn't five o'clock yet, and there are fifty clerks on this floor. A shot would bring them out of their offices before you could reach the elevator."

"That wouldn't do you any good. You'd be dead."

"We've all got to die some time. You'd see your finish in Sing Sing. People don't usually commit a murder unless they expect to gain something by it, even if it is only revenge."

"Are you goin' to open that safe?"

The revolver looked rather menacing, but Frank didn't believe the fellow would dare shoot. Still he might, if he was built that way, and the boy wondered if he had better chance it or lose what money he had in the safe. While he was figuring on it his telephone bell rang and

he reached out his hand to draw the instrument to him.

"None of that," cried the fellow, jumping up and pushing the 'phone away.

In doing that the receiver fell off, and that established connections between the office and the party at the other end of the wire. Frank sprang up, too, and suddenly smashed the fellow in the face, knocking him backward. Grabbing the revolver, before the other man could interfere, the boy broker pulled it out of the visitor's fingers and covered him with his own weapon.

"Now I think the boot is on the other leg," he said.

The other chap, seeing how matters were going, started to unlock the door. Frank fired at his hand, more for the purpose of bringing help than to hit him. It happened that his aim was true, and the ball tore its way through the rascal's finger. The fellow uttered a cry of pain and took his bleeding hand from the knob. A moment later an excited crowd of clerks rushed into the corridor.

"Step away from that door," Frank cried to the wounded man.

Fearing another shot, the man quickly obeyed. The boy broker jumped for the door, unlocked it and threw it open. His appearance, revolver in hand, drew the excited clerks over.

"What's the matter?" said one of them. "Did you fire that shot?"

"I did. Two crooks came into my office and held me up, but I turned the tables on them, and they'll have the pleasure now of going to the Tombs. Will one of you gentlemen kindly telephone for the police?" said Frank.

The clerks crowded around the door and looked at the discomfited rascals. Then one of them returned to his office and communicated with the police. Frank explained matters to the crowd, and most of them regarded him with admiration for the nerve he had displayed. In due time two policemen appeared. Frank laid the situation before them, and told them to arrest the men and take them away.

The rascals were handcuffed together and marched off. Many of the clerks lingered about till Frank locked up his office, and then accompanied him downstairs. Frank wondered who had telephoned him, but he didn't find out till the following day. It was Kittie. She had left her pocketbook on the ticker, and she wanted Frank to lock it up in his desk.

As she wasn't able to get into communication with him, the pocketbook remained where she laid it, and she found it there all right next morning when she reached the office previous to going to her early employer.

Frank appeared against the two rascals at the Tomb's Police Court, and they were remanded back to jail by the magistrate. Eventually they were brought to trial, convicted of attempted robbery, and sent to the State prison for three years.

That afternoon a lady dressed in black called on Frank. She said she had seen a story about him in the newspapers which said he was a fortunate young broker, and as she believed in dealing with lucky people, she had called to get him

to sell ten shares of Northern Traction stock for her. She gave her name as Mrs. Taylor, and said she was a widow. Northern Traction was then ruling at 150, and there was a steady demand for it, so the boy broker knew he would have no trouble in selling it. He made out an order and handed it with a pen for the lady to sign. She declined the pen and used her own stylographic pen, with which she put down her name and address.

"I'll call in a couple of days," she said, rising.

"All right, madam. I'll sell your stock at the market when I go out," said Frank.

Half an hour afterward Frank called on Broker Scott, and handing him the ten-share certificate that Mrs. Taylor left with him to sell for her, told him to dispose of it at the Exchange when next he went there. The stock was duly sold and sent to the company's office in the Bowling Green Building to be transferred. The company retained it and notified Scott that the certificate had been stolen with other things from the residence of a Mr. Brown, a wholesale jeweler. Scott sent for Frank to come to his office.

"Who left that 10-share certificate of Northern Traction with you to sell?" asked the broker when Frank arrived.

"A widow lady by the name of Taylor. Why?"

"The company has just notified me that it was stolen from Mr. Russell Brown, of Brown & Ingolby, Maiden Lane."

"Stolen!" exclaimed Frank.

"Yes. Didn't you notice that the name of Russell Brown was on the certificate?"

"I did, and called the lady's attention to the fact. She explained that Mr. Brown was her brother-in-law, and had presented her with the certificate."

"What address did she give you?"

"It's on the order she signed in one of the pigeon-holes of my desk."

"Look it up. Mr. Brown probably has a detective on the case, and it may furnish him with a clue to the thief."

Frank returned to his office, pulled the order out of his desk and looked at it. To his astonishment both the name and address of his lady customer, which he had seen her write on the space immediately below the order, had disappeared in a most unaccountable manner.

"Well, if that doesn't get my goat," cried the boy broker, staring at the paper.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Vanished Handwriting.

"There's something mighty funny in this," thought Frank. "She certainly put her name and address down there with her stylographic pen. In fact, I saw it after she had gone away when I put the paper in the pigeon-hole. I guess I'll go and see Scott about it."

He put on his hat and went to Scott's office. The broker was in and he was admitted.

"There is the order that the lady signed, Mr. Scott; but both her name and address has vanished in a very odd way," said Frank.

"But if she signed it her name and address would be there."

"It ought to be there, but it is quite clear that it isn't."

"And you can't explain the matter?"

"No."

"Well, that paper doesn't look to me as if it had ever been written on under your handwriting. You go back to your office and see if you can't find another piece of paper about that size with the missing writing on it."

"I'm sure I won't find such a thing."

"Oh, come now, Fisk, the best of us make mistakes once in a while. There is nothing absolutely sure in this world except death."

"Well, I'll take a look, if only to convince myself that I am right. There is no use of me calling on Mr. Brown without the lady's address."

"But you expect the lady to call at your office for the value of the bonds, don't you?"

"She said she would call in a couple of days."

"Then she ought to show up to-morrow. What are you going to say to her?"

"I shall ask her where she got the certificate, and tell her that it was stolen from the rightful owner."

"You'd better communicate the facts to Mr. Brown, and tell him you expect the lady to call at your office to-morrow. It is likely that a detective will be on hand to meet her."

Frank thought Scott's suggestion was the right thing to follow, so when he got back to the office he called up the store of Brown & Ingolby on the 'phone and asked if Mr. Brown was in. In a few moments he had that gentleman on the wire.

"I understand, Mr. Brown, that you were lately robbed of ten shares of Northern Traction stock?" asked Frank.

"I was. May I ask who is asking the question?"

"Frank Fisk, broker, of No. — Wall Street."

"Oh! Has anybody presented the stock at your office for sale?"

"Yes, sir; a lady who gave her name as Mrs. Taylor. She represented herself as the sister-in-law of Russell Brown, yourself, whose name was on the stock. I took her word for it and sold the stock, and did not learn that it had been stolen until it was sent to the company's office to be transferred. The certificate is now at the secretary's office, and you will doubtless receive a notice to that effect from the secretary."

"Did you get the lady's address?"

"I did, but it seems to have disappeared in a mysterious way. However, she said she would call in a couple of days, so it is possible she will turn up to-morrow. It would be well if you had somebody here to meet her if she calls."

"At what hour?"

"She did not specify any hour, but she called yesterday with the stock about half-past three."

"I will send a man down," said the jeweler. "If she should call before he comes, detain her and notify me by 'phone.'"

"All right, sir."

About ten o'clock next morning a plainly-dressed man came into the office and asked for Mr. Fisk.

"That's my name," said the boy broker. "Take a seat, sir."

"I am from Mr. Russell Brown."

"Oh, yes; he told me over the wire yesterday that he would send somebody down to meet the lady who brought the ten-share certificate of Northern Traction to this office for sale."

"Exactly. I am the detective on the case. My name is Doyle. The lady's name is Taylor, I believe?" he said, looking at his cuff, where he had noted it down.

"That's the name she gave me."

"You didn't ask her for her address?"

"Yes, I did. We always require our customers to sign their names and addresses to the order."

"You have that order, I suppose?"

"Yes, but the funny thing about it is that though I saw her affix her name and address to it, it is not there now."

Frank produced the slip of paper and showed it to the detective.

The detective put up much the same argument that Broker Scott did to account for the absence of the lady's hand-writing, but Frank insisted that he had seen her write it down on that very piece of paper.

"You handed her your pen, or a similar one with ink on it, I presume?"

"I did, but she took out her own stylographic pen and used that."

"Hum!" said the sleuth, examining the paper carefully. "The ink in her pen was black I suppose?"

"It had a light, greenish tint, like writing fluid."

The detective reached over to the electric blub that hung above Frank's desk and turned it on. After letting it burn for a minute he laid the paper on it and held it with his hand.

"There isn't a lot of heat from these electric lights," he said; "but what there is may answer."

"What are you trying to do?" asked the boy broker.

"I'm trying to bring back the lady's handwriting. Since you are so positive that you saw her place her name and address there, it stands to reason it must be there in some shape. The only ink that fades in such a short time, and leaves no indications of its presence behind, is sympathetic ink, a chemical compound sold by many stationers under the general name of invisible ink."

"My gracious! I never thought of that," cried Frank.

"If the ink is fresh a gentle heat will make it visible," said the sleuth. "Now we will take a look at it."

He turned off the electricity and removed the paper.

"There you are," he said, laying down the paper.

The lady's handwriting appeared in its proper place.

"Mrs. A. Taylor, No. — East Seventy-fourth street."

"I knew I was right," said Frank, in a tone of satisfaction.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

"With your permission I'll take charge of this paper, though I doubt if that is the lady's real name and address. Describe her to me," said the detective.

Frank did so, as well as he could remember.

"I will be around this building most of the day, and will doubtless drop in a number of times."

"All right, Mr. Doyle. I'm going out now. You could sit at my desk if you care to do so."

When Frank returned to his office the detective was not there, but a rough looking stranger was.

"You're Frank Fisk, the boy broker, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank, wondering what his errand was.

"I've come all the way from Goldfield to see you."

"What do you want me to do for you?"

"Take a half interest in the Red Clover mine."

"A half interest! Why, I never heard of it being worth its salt. A lot of the stock was sold East here when it was first put on the market. The promoters put up the usual bluff to get funds to develop it. It was noticed in the mining papers for a while, and then it dropped out of sight and I never heard anything more about it."

"Just so. You have got it pat."

"And you want me to take a half interest in that thing?"

"Wait a minute till I tell you somethin'. The mine fell flat, just as you said, and the stock went begg'n'. Nobody wanted anythin' to do with it, so it was abandoned. One day I took a notion to look it over, just for the fun of the thing. I'm a prospector. I spent nigh a week on the property, and then," his voice sinking to a whisper, "I found a rich lode that had escaped the promoters. I had a thousand dollars or so, and I hunted up the owners, and, after some talk, got an option on the property. Then I did some more investigating and made sure that I had a claim worth a million."

"Worth a million!" exclaimed Frank.

"Just so. Every dollar of it. The question was how was I to buy that mine before the option expired, and work it afterward. That's what bothered me. I was sure I had a claim who would have bought it at the time, but I didn't dare trust him. Then I thought of you. I said I'd go to you and offer him a half interest for \$50,000. If he takes me up, both our fortunes are made."

"That proposition may be all right, but your own interest is enough of itself," said Frank.

The stranger gripped his grip and took out several papers.

"That ought to make your mouth water. I had some of it assayed in Denver. Here's the assayer's report. Read it. It tells you all."

"There's no evidence that the ore came from the Red Clover Mine," said the boy broker.

The conversation continued for an hour longer, and when the Westerner took his leave, promising

to return next day for the boy's answer, Frank was greatly impressed by what he had heard. Hardly had the man, who said his name was George Spooner, departed, when Mrs. Taylor walked into the office.

"Did you sell that stock, Mr. Fisk?" asked the lady.

"I did, but when it was sent to the company's office to be transferred the secretary said it had been stolen from the rightful owner and——"

"Stolen!" gasped the lady.

"Yes. And will you tell me, madam, why you signed my order in invisible ink?"

She looked as if she was going to faint. Then the detective stepped forward and told her he had a warrant for her arrest for trying to sell a certificate of stock that did not belong to her. Then she fainted in earnest.

"Get a cab and I'll take her away before she recovers," said the officer.

As his boy was out on an errand, Frank telephoned to Scott and asked him to send his boy for one and bring it around to his building. Inside of fifteen minutes the lady was carried down to it and driven with the detective to the Tombs.

Soon after the detective took her away, Billy Smith, Frank's office boy, came in.

"I just heard something that you ought to know, Mr. Fisk," he said.

"What is it?" asked the boy broker.

"I saw that man with the cowboy hat that was in here chinning you about some mine out West talking to Mr. Drake."

"You did!" exclaimed Frank, with sudden suspicion.

"Yes, sir. And I heard him say, 'Do you think he'll bite, Fitz?' 'Sure as you live,' replied the other chap. 'I hope it's well salted,' said Drake. 'There's ore enough in sight to make his eyes bulge, and I left Parker puttin' in more.' That's all I heard, but I guess it's all you want to know."

When the man who said his name was George Spooner called on Frank next day, the boy broker told him that he guessed he didn't want to invest in mining propositions, particularly when they were salted. Then Frank told him that he had received information from a confidential source that he and Broker Drake were in cahoots to do him up on a salted mine.

Spooner made a vigorous denial, but Frank said his information was to be relied on, and that it was useless for his visitor to waste any more time or talk on the subject.

"I am satisfied that it's a skin, and as you were seen in Drake's company yesterday afternoon after you left here, and Drake is no friend of mine, I want nothing more to do with either you or your proposition."

That was plain English, and Spooner had no alternative than to take his departure. To-day Frank Fisk, still a young man, is doing fine as a broker. He has a new stenographer, for this spring he married Kittie Clyde, and she is mistress of a fine home in the Bronx.

Next week's issue will contain "PLAYING A LONE HAND; OR, THE BOY WHO GOT THE GOLD."

CURRENT NEWS

KILLS 51 COYOTES IN MONTH

Sam Marple, trapper, of Yuba County, California, during the month of May caught and killed 51 coyotes, for which there is a bounty of \$5 offered by the county, according to his claim filed with the Yuba Board of Supervisors. There is seldom a month that Marple does not kill from twenty to forty coyotes.

ONIONS IN POOR DEMAND

Onions have become a drug on the market for the first time in years, the Department of Agriculture reported recently. On the other hand, potatoes are two or three times as high as a year ago and comparatively scarce.

Because of the slight demand for onions, due, the department's review says, to an oversupply and to refusal of retailers to lower prices as wholesale prices decline. California onion growers are ploughing under their crops because the onions are not worth the cost of marketing.

HUNT SARDINES BY PLANE

California promises to be the greatest sardine canning center of the world as the result of the use of seaplanes in the industry on the Pacific Coast. Since the first of the year naval seaplanes have been flying out from the sea coast, sighting schools of fish and sending a wireless back to the naval station giving the direct location. The naval station then telephones the information to the San Diego office of the fish and game commission. Fishing fleets are immediately directed exactly where to seek their game and are consequently assured of a big catch.

SPEED BOAT COVERS MILE IN 45 SECONDS

Miss America, the smallest of the three speedboats that will represent America in the Harmsworth trophy races at Isle of Wight, England, already has won its spurs as the fastest piece of water racing machinery ever floated in this country.

The craft, which was launched at the same time as the Miss Detroit V. at Algonac June 6, had her trial spins on the St. Clair River recently and turned up a mile over the measured course in 45 seconds or at the rate of eighty miles an hour. This is the greatest speed a hydroplane or any other craft riding the water has ever made.

DOG GOES TO BANK

A dog's appearance at a bank paying teller's window seeking payment of his owner's savings fund check is a new wrinkle. Kiddo, the prize winning fox terrier of Dr. J. H. Hagenbuch, of Moberly City, Pa., with check in mouth and indorsed by himself, was the lucky canine. A young cashier W. H. Kohler, of the Union National Bank, jokingly asked the owner why he didn't take out a savings account for his dog. "I will," the doctor replied. It became true, and amounted to \$25.50, and the cashier sent out the check to Kiddo Hagenbuch, in care of his "pa." The fox terrier was seen at the window. The check had

been indorsed "Kiddo Hagenbuch, in care of his 'pa.'" Opposite the signature appeared a mark of the dog's paw, the cashier having pushed an ink pad against it. The money was promptly paid, and the dog pranced away with his envelope carrying the amount.

CAT SAVES OWNER'S LIFE

After saving the life of its owner, Celeste Marrazza's cat ducked into the cellar of the house at No. 94 Pleasant street and expired in a fire that damaged the house and contents to the extent of \$2,000. Marrazza would probably have died in the flames but for his faithful pet.

Marrazza was sleeping when the cat jumped upon the bed. Half awake he swept the cat from the bed, only to have the feline make another leap upon him. Then, finally aroused at last, he sat up in bed to discover smoke pouring up through the house from the cellar.

The cat having awakened its master, dashed down the stairs and into the cellar, where it perished in the flames. By the time Marrazza had got into some clothes the flames had reached the second floor. Prompt arrival of the Fire Department saved the house from total destruction. It is believed that the fire started from spontaneous combustion among some greasy rags in the cellar, where the cat was sleeping.

PROTECTING GAME

The largest game preserve in the world is the continent of Africa—extending from the twentieth degree of north latitude down to the northern borders of Cape Colony and Natal. This great scheme was made possible by a treaty co-operation of England, Germany, France, Belgium, Portugal, Italy and Spain, by which it is provided that the hunting and destruction of vultures, secretary birds, owls, giraffes, gorillas, chimpanzees, mountain zebras, wild asses, white-tailed gnus, elands and the little Liberian hippopotami are absolutely prohibited. Similar protection is given the young of certain animals, including the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, antelope, gazelle, ibex and chevrotain, and to the adults of these species when accompanied by their young. Particular stress is laid on the protection of young elephants, and elephant tusks weighing less than twenty pounds will be confiscated. The eggs of the ostrich and of many other birds are protected, but those of the crocodile, python and poisonous snakes are to be destroyed. Even lions, leopards, hyenas, harmful monkeys and large birds of prey may not be slaughtered at the hunter's will. Hunters are required to take out licenses, and the number of animals each may kill is limited. The use of nets and pitfalls is forbidden, nor may explosions be used for killing fish. The main object of this vast protective enterprise is economic, to encourage the domestication of the elephant, zebra and ostrich, and to husband the trade in wild animal products, which was threatened by the rapacity of market hunters and so-called sportsmen.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VIII (continued)

Just before the first of them reached the hole they saw Joe suddenly disappear. Apparently the crust had broken off under him. The frantic struggles of the heavy chief mate, added to Hawley's weight, were too great for the treacherous strength of the ice.

"He is gone!" screamed the girl, and she would undoubtedly have plunged after him, but for the detaining hand of Dr. Carr.

"Compose yourself," he adjured her. "That is not the way to help our friends in this fearful region. What we do we must do together."

"Catch hold of me, doctor," she said, throwing herself at full length. "I must look."

Madge Barclay was practically in man's attire. No other was suitable for the ordeals of so extreme a journey into the farthest south.

Seeing what she intended, he too prostrated himself, seized her ankles, and was himself seized in like manner by Joy.

A rope was quickly passed to these by Shouse, who fastened the other end round one of the sleds.

Madge, looking down, saw that the motor sled was gone out of sight in the unknown depth of that crevasse. Ten feet below, Joe's long staff had caught in the fissure, and Hawley was struggling to reach an ice shelf that still held one end. The other end was wedged into an opposite crevice, on which Rucker was clinging.

"Why don't you help him?" screamed the girl, passing down the rope. "Ah, you coward! Let go! Let Joe come first."

But Rucker, oblivious to all but his own safety, had seized and kept hold of the rope that Madge was passing down to Joe. To her it looked as if Rucker's position was much safer than Hawley's.

For the middy was holding by his hands only to the staff which might give way at any instant.

"Pull him up!" called Joe weakly. "He won't let go. Then lower for me as fast as you can."

So, all hands heaving, Ben Rucker came out of the fissure. But as he went, he hissed down to Hawley, clinging there:

"Be first to your superior officer—"

Arrived at the surface, both Orr and Carr pushed him away with small ceremony and helped the frantic girl to pass the rope back to poor Joe, who was about played out.

"Oh, Joe!" Madge kept calling to encourage him, though she felt gripped with a deadly fear on his account the while. "Hold on, Joe. Don't let go. Only a minute more. What would I do without you?"

And so on, until the ready rope was passed down to him at last. But poor Hawley was so weakened by the long wait that Madge saw he was hardly able to pass his head and shoulders through the noose.

"Wait," she cried, and gave him more rope while speaking. "Let the rope pass on until you can put one foot in the noose—there!"

She saw that Hawley had managed to accomplish this, and waving her hand backward, the daring girl bent her own strength to the task of raising Joe from his peril below.

As his head came up she saw how strained and pale his face looked. Throwing herself down again, she laid hold of his arms, and when the rope came up, pulled by the others behind, she drew him over the edge. Both lay there panting for a moment. He was so exhausted as to be hardly able to realize what he had narrowly escaped.

Madge herself had utterly given out, but she struggled against the hysteria that for a moment threatened.

Suddenly Hawley arose, and bending over her whispered:

"I know to whom I owe my life. It is you, Madge. If I ever forget it, or you—may I—may I—"

"May you rest right now," she interrupted, getting to her feet and resisting his desire to lift her up. "There! I'm all right, folks."

The others had run up and offered congratulations. Only Rucker stood back, watching narrowly, and in his eyes a strange gleam.

"Why make such a bother? I knew Hawley was all right."

Both Madge and Joe paid no heed to him, nor did the others. But it was afterwards evident that the party had conceived an aversion for this big, pushing, selfish man, who apparently cared for no one but himself.

CHAPTER IX.—"We Are Lost on Mount Erebus!"

In making for the interior of what they now knew to be a vast, unknown Antarctic continent, observations continued to be taken from time to time. The altitude kept also getting higher and higher.

In consequence, although the summer season of the southern half of our world was now in full swing, for it was only in December, the weather remained exceedingly cold.

Finally the entire party made a camp on the summit of a high mountain plateau, with the vast, black peak of Mt. Erebus looming grandly within plain sight. A film of thin smoke curled continually over the crater. In winter this smoke or steam was, for the most part, concealed under ice and almost invisible. But now it showed a sort of grim welcome to our adventurers, as if the mountain was daring them to a further trial of endurance and skill.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

FED APRICOTS TO HOGS

Apricot ham is the latest novelty in this community. C. C. Francis, who has a ranch near Pomona, Cal., is the produce. Last summer his apricot crop was going to waste because the market was glutted, so he fed the apricots to his hogs.

He butchered two shoats the other day. They each tipped the beam at 245 pounds. He got fifteen gallons of lard, seven pounds of sausage, four splendid hams, some spareribs, a quantity of side meat, eight pigs' feet and 100 pounds of soap out of the kill.

The hogs were carried through the summer and fall on waste fruit, and this winter they were finished on oranges and cornmeal slop. Mr. Francis declares that the high cost of living won't worry him for a while at least.

TRY TO OPEN SAFE WITH TORCH; 1 DEAD.

Charles R. Hulley, of Woodhaven, L. I., and Richard Kinard, of Atlantic Highlands, N. J., attempted the other night to open a second-handed safe with an oxy-acetylene torch in the warehouse of the Auto Service Company, 22 Orange street, Newark. There was an explosion, and both doors crashed open. Hulley was thrown thirty-five feet and instantly killed. Kinard was so seriously injured that doctors at St Michael's Hospital do not expect him to live.

Hulley was treasurer of the Auto Service Company, where Kinard was employed as a mechanic. The safe was the property of Robert M. Hertig, a dealer in second-hand safes in East Orange. It was purchased by Hertig, and he asked Hulley to open it. The police believe an accumulation of gas inside the safe blew open the doors.

WHY WILL WATER RUN OFF A DUCK'S BACK?

The reason that water runs off a duck's back is that the feathers of ducks are oily, and as water and oil will not mix, the water runs off instead of soaking in. The feathers on a duck are so thick on the body of the duck, top and bottom, that even if it were not for the oil which is on the feathers the water would have some difficulty in soaking through the feathers. But the main reason why the feathers on the duck's back cause water striking them to run off is that the duck has an oil gland which is constantly producing grease or oil and which the duck uses in giving his feathers a thin coating of oil to make them slick with oil and when any water strikes the duck it runs off. Other birds which live in the water a great deal have this oil gland for the same reason.—The Book of Wonders.

SELF-OWNED TREES IN TWO STATES

There are two trees in the United States that own themselves and the ground on which they stand. One of these is an oak at Athens, Ga., the other a sycamore at Coney Creek, Ky. The former stood on the land of Col. W. H. Jackson, who in his old age recorded a deed as follows:

"I, W. H. Jackson, of the County of Clarke, State of Georgia, of the one part, and this oak tree—(giving the location)—of the County of Clarke, of the other part, witness, that the said W. H. Jackson, for and in consideration of the great affection which he bears said tree and his desire to see it protected, has conveyed unto the said tree entire possession of itself, and the land within eight feet of it on all sides."

The sycamore at Coney Creek owns itself and 36 square feet of ground by virtue of a deed from Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd, duly recorded in Knott County, Kentucky, which contains the following paragraph:

"The said tree is conveyed, in consideration of the value of itself, as a resting place for the weary under the shade of said tree, and the said tree and the said terra firma, are to belong to themselves absolutely and to each other for all the purpose for which Nature and God intended them, among which is the purpose of the soil to nurture and feed the tree, and that of the tree to shade, grace and beautify the said terra firma."

SALMON CAUGHT IN TRAPS

There are several varieties of salmon, the choicest being the "Sockeye." The best fish weighs about eight pounds, is fifteen inches long and has an oval-shaped body with very few scales. The fish is a most delicate pink.

The home of the "Sockeye" is in salt water, in Puget Sound, in the Columbia River and north along the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, says the St. Louis Republic.

Here the salmon play in countless numbers, but as they make their way toward the fresh waters they are journeying to their death. Few of them escape the fishermen. And even though they do, they seldom live more than four years. A "Sockeye's" age is told by the number of rings on his scales.

Early in April the fishermen begin to get ready to make their catch each year. For months trap builders work in their rainsuits, driving piles across some pass of the river, where the salmon will travel. Wire netting is stretched across the piling facing the ocean or salt water.

Fish coming from the ocean strike the wire netting and follow it along, hoping to find some way of getting past it. But after following it for a half-mile the fish usually finds that he is in a trap. The trap consists of piling, forming a square fifteen or twenty feet long, faced with wire net, the four corners of which are fastened to a boom arm.

At each trap is a platform built upon piling like a lighthouse. Here a hoist engine is installed, which raises the fish in the trap and drops them into a boat known as a scow. This is towed through the ocean to the salmon cannery.

Sometimes one scowload is estimated to contain fifty thousand fish, and on some days four loads are taken care of at one cannery.

THE NIHILIST'S DOOM.

By Kit Clyde.

Six years ago I was living at Darnowsky, in the Province of Rublin, in the southern part of the greatest of European empires, a young man, happy as circumstances would allow, and at the time of which I write, doubly happy and contented in my little school; for I was a teacher, and I had just made the sweetest and the prettiest girl in the village my wife.

Marie Carloff was mine, won from a score of suitors by love alone, for I had little money and I was content.

Chief among the disconsolate ones was the son of an ex-army officer, Louis Lodiski by name, a handsome but unprincipled fellow, who for years had been infatuated with Marie. However, when our coming wedding was announced, Louis left the village, and I was spared his scowl and muttered threats, and soon forgot him in the joy of home life.

For three years I was at rest.

Then came the great cloud that to-day overhangs my native land, and its dark shadow fell across even my humble threshold.

I had been a St. Petersburg student, and when the strange monomania of communism, silent and deadly, crept through the nation, it found me an easy prey, and I became a Nihilist, swore the terrible oaths, and linked myself body and soul to their unknown and horrible purposes.

There was a circle formed in our town, and two months after I had joined it, there appeared one night amongst us, commissioned from the Grand Circle at Moscow, as our chief, Louis Lodiski.

"I bowed before him, but when I saw the fierce light of baffled passion and eager revenge gleam in his hated eyes, brightly as when I had met him, then the rejected suitor of my wife, I knew and felt for the first time into what a horrible pit I had fallen; for, free as I was before the world, in secret I was bound by my vows, the serf and slave of my bitter enemy.

For a time there was little work for our society, but it so happened that towards the spring a new chartering of soldiers was made in our town, under the charge of Colonel Jelikoff, a tried and true officer of the government, and one who had several times incurred the displeasure of the Nihilists.

Hardly had the troops become settled when a sealed dispatch was received by Lodiski from the Grand Circle of Moscow, containing the death warrant of the colonel; and in drawing lots for the one to act as executioner, the same devil's luck which had first dragged me into this conspiracy, or some treachery on my chief, cast the cruel duty upon me.

The ukase of the Grand Circle, with a perfection of cruelty, granted the slave doomed to execute their diabolical commands three days' mercy.

At the end of that time the condemned must have ceased to live, or the slave would become the victim instead.

For the first twenty-four hours I was crazy. The second day found me cool and helpless.

I made my plans.

For five hours I debated where to do the deed; then, still uncertain, walked in the verge of the town, and as I walked someone joined me—Lodiski.

We stood a space in silence; then the man came closer and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

"Listen! It is hard, it is dangerous. Capture means death. Here is money. You must flee instantly the work is done."

In a single breath my brain cleared, the dread cloud that for two days had shadowed it passed, and I knew the hand that had worked my ruin.

I was to become an outlaw in order that my wife might be the spoil of this monster.

"The deed must be to-morrow," continued Lodiski, "and the only place where you can find Jelikoff alone is in the bell tower. Thither he goes each evening before the curfew rings, to watch the change of guards upon the opposite river bank. You can conceal yourself there and strike him down. It will be hours before he is missed, and you will have time for flight."

I bowed my head.

I dared not trust my tongue.

It might be that I should strike too soon.

Deep within my heart the determination to kill was well fixed; but, unknown to my chief, the victim had been changed.

"I will join you at the foot of the tower after curfew. See to it that it is after—the end!" Lodiski concluded.

My blood leaped.

"It is well," I replied, and he left me.

That night I told my wife all, and her love stood the test.

Ere morning dawned, under the escort of a faithful servant, she was at the Volga Dernstam—a landing ten miles away; and when the early sun kissed the reaches of level land about our town, it found her upon the deck of a steamer, bound for Astrachan.

All day long I gathered my little store of goods, and late in the afternoon sold them for gold to a friend—a Nihilist like myself—who secretly conveyed them to his home.

Then as the light waned and it drew towards night, thoroughly disguised, and armed with a pair of pistols and my dagger. I skirted the town, and came at last to the lonely watch tower where hung the great bell that rang the curfew.

Ere the ringer had entered the tower from his supper, I was secreted in the loft near the window.

It was not my intent to kill Jelikoff.

If he came I could confess all, then descend and wreak my vengeance upon Lodiski below, and flee the country; or if he came not, the end would be the same.

Still bound by my oath, and environed by a thousand spies, I dared not flee until night. And Lodiski must die!

Alone in the grim tower I waited, and the bats about me squeaked, and the damp wind of the steps swept fearfully in and kissed my hot cheek.

The moments passed!

Suddenly a nameless dread fell upon me.

Instinctively I felt the presence of some new

and near danger, and a sense of doom overcame me, as if I listened to the words of the judge who recited the condemning proofs of my falseness to our order.

If I did not kill Jelikoff, and failed to find Lodiski, I must die.

Quivering with this new terror, I glanced suspiciously about me—into the deep shadow of the corners, behind the great beams, aloft among the bat nests, and at last beneath the mighty bell hanging at my side.

And there, lying prone upon a crossbeam directly under the great iron dome, so close that the ponderous metal would crush him, lay Lodiski, his evil eyes fastened upon me.

Even as I saw him, I heard the step of the colonel on the stair, and his word to the waiting bellman below.

"Carl, I will detain you but a moment. When I descend you may ring."

Jelikoff ascended the stairs, lantern in hand. I stood at his back.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!"

It was the village clock.

Jelikoff turned to descend. I shrank into the shadow behind him.

Jelikoff went down the stair.

"Fool! coward!" hissed my chief, half rising upon his hands and knees. "You die!"

There came a creaking sound, the great wooden wheel above turned upon its axis, the bats flew snarling about, and then the mighty bell, swinging slowly, gained in momentum, and swept in a long arc upwards.

Lodiski uttered a single cry as the tremendous mass poised above him, and would have dragged himself out of its reach, but with a sudden fury I stretched my arm like a bar of steel, caught his hair, and forced him back upon the beam, and then the great bell fell as falls the knife of the guillotine, crushing into a hideous mass the body of the spy, while its heavy knell rang with a gurgling shiver far out across the barren land, and a little stream of blood, warm and red, ran slowly down the beam and dyed the lips and tongue of the iron monster as he swung.

The curfew was sounding, and I was saved!

Three hours later, in the silence of the night, I escaped the tower and fled.

For twenty-four hours Lodiski's death was undiscovered, and before the truth was known I was with my wife upon the Caspian Sea, far out of the reach of the Nihilists.

I have never seen Russia since.

TWO BOYS GET \$2,000 EACH

When Hackberry Finn and Tom Sawyer found hidden treasure, remember how fine they felt? Suppose the police had taken the money from them because they said it didn't belong to them, can you imagine how their spirits would have dropped to zero? And then, after months of waiting, if some mysterious power had made the police give the money back to Hack and Tom, can you realize their elation?

Now you know how happy are Albert John Bradley, Jr., seven years old, of Hay street and Wallace avenue, Wilkinsburg, and William A.

Donahey, Jr., nine years, of 422 Ross avenue, since they won their suit against the First National Bank of Wilkinsburg, Pa.; which claimed \$5,350 the boys found hidden under a lumber pile of the Mitchell Lumber Company on Oct. 4, 1919.

"Jack Bradley and I were playing pirates when I stooped down behind a lumber pile to grab a stick and ran my hand into a whole pile of money, fat rolls of \$50 and \$100 bills, wrapped in a newspaper," said Billy, telling of his find. "I was so surprised I couldn't believe it was real money."

Chief of Police Wallace R. Bishop thought the money was a part of \$30,000 stolen from the Wilkinsburg Bank on May 10, 1919, and caused it to be returned to the bank. Albert John Bradley, a machinist, and William Donahey, a clerk, the parents of the boys, began a suit on behalf of their sons against the bank for the recovery of the money. The jury decided the bank had failed to prove ownership and a verdict of \$5,564, including interest to date, was returned in favor of the lads.

The boys will not receive more than \$2,000 each, as the remainder has gone for attorney fees and other costs, according to Mrs. Donahey, who asserted that Billy's money would be placed in trust until he is twenty-one, and will furnish a college education for him.

"At first I was going to spend the money to buy candy for my girl and take her to the movies often," said Billy, "but now I think I'll save it all until I grow up and study to become a lawyer or doctor. I'd rather be a doctor, because there's more money in that, and I want to be whatever makes the most money." He said Jane was the young lady upon whom part of the money was to have been spent, but he refused to tell her last name.

Young Bradley seems dazed by his rise to fortune and is unable to say what he will do with the money. He was tempted to buy a "great big seven passenger automobile with a chauffeur." His sister, Virginia, six years old and with feminine visions of home-making already in mind, said:

"Jack is going to buy a house with the money." The treasure finder denied this, saying: "No, I won't give you or brother Billy a cent. I'll keep it all myself and when I grow up I won't be anything but just a millionaire."

SEEK BURIED CASKS OF RUM, MELLOWING FOR 150 YEARS

Search is being made at Cumberland House, The Pas, Manitoba, for ten casks of rum which, according to Indian legends, have been buried there for the past century and a half. The story, which has been handed down, is that the rum was brought into the North by a French trading party, who were stopped at Cumberland House and turned back by the Hudson Bay people after they had hidden the liquor, which had been intended for Indian trade. The alleged cache is supposed to include merchandise, markers and ammunition, but it is thought that these goods may not have aged to the same advantage as the rum, which is the subject of search.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

SLEPT WITH HIS WHISKY

Burglars ransacked the cellar at the A. Van Phinney home in an exclusive residential district of Sacramento, Cal., June 13, and stole a large quantity of liquor, but a barrel of whisky escaped, as Phinney had placed it in his bedroom for safe keeping.

BIGGEST CIRCULAR SAWS

The largest circular saws in the world have just been made to fill a special order from a Pacific Coast lumber mill. Each saw is 108 inches in diameter, weighs approximately 795 pounds and includes 190 teeth. The latter are inserted in the rim, and can be replaced if broken. Two steel ingots, each weighing 1,140 pounds, were the raw materials from which the great disks were made. The saws will be used for cutting big logs into lengths suitable for the production of shingles.

FALLS INTO WELL

George Lauch, nineteen months old, is going to be a high diver when he grows up if he follows the career he commenced auspiciously when he tumbled into a 100-foot well at his father's home in Herricks, L. I., and was rescued without a scratch. The well contained mud and slime sufficient to break the child's fall.

Young George arose and let out a roar that was heard a block away, where Peter J. Herman was at work. Herman gazed into the well and saw the baby. A gang of linemen was at work near by for the Nassau Light and Power Company. One of them was lowered into the well on a rope. His companion pulled him out with the child in his arms.

Although the infant seemed unhurt, his mother sent for an ambulance and had him rushed to the Nassau Hospital, Mineola. Surgeons examined him carefully and said:

"All he is suffering from is a muddy face."

ABOUT GREAT SALT LAKE

The water of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, is so buoyant that a man may lie on his back in it and easily float, with his head and neck, his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow entirely

out of the water. On assuming a sitting position, with the arms extended, his shoulders will rise above the water. On account of the extreme buoyancy of the water, swimming is laborious, from the tendency of the lower extremities to rise about the surface. The lake is 75 miles long and 80 broad. The first to navigate its waters was General Fremont, in 1843. In saltiness the Utah lake is not to be compared with a Siberian lake in Obdorsk, which for a long time has been entirely roofed with a deposit of salt. It is 9 miles wide and 17 in length. Originally evaporation played the most prominent part in coating the lake over with salt, but at the present time the salt springs which surround it are adding fast to the thickness of the crust. In the long-ago period exaporation of the lake's waters left great salt crystals on the surface. In course of time these caked together. Thus the waters were finally entirely covered. In 1878 the lake found an underground outlet into the River Obi, which lowered its surface about three feet. The salt crust was so thick, however, that it retained its old level, and now presents the curious spectacle of a salt-roofed lake. The salt coat increases six inches in thickness every year. The many little islands with which the lake is studded are said to act as braces and to help keep the arched salt crust in position.

LAUGHS

"Did you ever see any water with crutches?"
"No, where does it come from?" "Cripple Creek."

Mother—Come, Willie, it's past time to get up. Willie (lazily)—Then I'll lie abed, ma, till it comes 'round again.

Mr. Henpeck—Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence? Mr. Scraper—I reckon I am. Mr. Henpeck—Shake! You're a hero.

"Doctor, I wish you had not prescribed rock and rye for John's influenza." "Did it not cure him?" "Yes, but he has had one relapse after another ever since."

Guest—What are your rates? Hotel Clerk—Ten dollars a day for a room with bath. Eight dollars for a room without bath. Guest—Well, then, here's two dollars, give me the bath.

"Cholly says his European trip was completely spoiled." "As to how?" "Seems a careless porter lost a label off his suit-case."

He—I am not taking part in the theatricals. I always think I am making such a fool of myself. She—Oh, every one thinks that!

Teacher—What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature? "Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.

"Your lodgers complain that you read their letters." "Well, I can't ask questions about their private affairs. That would be very indiscreet."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

STAMPS FOR SMALL CHANGE

Nickel and copper coins are becoming almost as rare as gold in some Italian cities. All Tuscany, and especially Florence, is suffering even more than Rome and the south.

As the current prices of nickel and copper are far higher than the face value of the coins, these are being secretly collected by restaurant waiters, street-car conductors, railway-depot employees and sold at a profit to manufacturers of nickel and copper articles.

The result is that change for paper bills has to be given in postage stamps; but as not all storekeepers will accept them, the shortage gives rise to all kinds of quarrels and arguments, which only serve to heat people more than the unusual high temperature is doing.

CAN'T FIND IDEAL MAN

An ideal man is impossible, but a man's looks do not count, according to Miss Elizabeth Stroh, who spoke before the student body of Carroll College on "An Ideal Man."

"Girls want a man whose faults are reduced to a minimum," said Miss Stroh. "An ideal man must be kind, sympathetic and possess a sense of humor. Girls often set a high standard for the kind of a man they want, and then have to give up the ideal because they cannot find a man with such qualifications."

Miss Elizabeth Weid was the second speaker on the subject, and she gave it as her opinion that an ideal man "need not be young but must 'be growing.'" "An ideal man must be one who does not swallow everything and one who can render sober judgment," she said.

A BURIED FOREST

It appears that the recovery and use of buried timber is no new thing. For hundreds of years the wood of buried and submerged trees has been recovered and worked among the Swiss Alps, and many an English farmer of the western counties can point with pride to an old cabinet or carved four-poster of black bog oak, says the Washington Star. But, according to Professor D. W. Hagan, it is doubtful if anywhere else in the world there is so vast an area of buried timber of immense size as in the Papakura valley, near Auckland, New Zealand.

Beneath the surface of peat, where the soil has sunk in drying or has been blown away, the trunks of kauri trees lie exposed to view. For centuries they have been covered by the semi-decayed peat until their branches and crowns have rotted and disappeared. Nothing but the solid heartwood of the mighty trunks remain, and these lie in orderly swatches almost as regular as wheat stalks in a newly-reaped field. The thousand heads all point in one direction, as if the forest had fallen under the sickle of some giant reaper.

LEATHER FROM A NEW SOURCE

In the hunt for new sources of leather, strange things are turning up. It has been ascertained

that the skins of frogs and toads can be tanned and turned to account for card-cases and other fancy articles.

The government Fisheries Bureau says that the skin of the codfish furnishes an excellent leather, tough as parchment and very durable. The same is true of salmon skin, which the Indians along the Yukon River, in Alaska, have long utilized for clothing.

Eelskins are employed in Europe for binding books, and in Egypt shoesoles are made from the skins of certain fishes caught in the Red Sea.

Sturgeon skin affords a handsome ornamental leather, and the hide of the armored sturgeon is much valued in Europe, being covered with horny plates that can be polished to an ivory-like finish.

The skin of the wolf-fish—a ferocious little creature that often attacks persons who venture in wading along the rocky seashore of New England—is now being used for card-cases and shopping-bags.

The green leather called "shagreen," remarkable for its wearing quality and imperviousness to water, is made from the hide of the "angel shark" of the Mediterranean.

In Tartary dried and oiled fish-skins serve as a substitute for glass in windows, being sufficiently translucent for the purpose.

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GOOD READING

STATE BUYS CONVICT A LEG

Joseph Delucci, recently admitted to Sing Sing, became a guest of the state just in time to enable him to get a new leg at the expense of the taxpayers.

Delucci's left leg was amputated shortly before he was sentenced. Recently he was transferred from Sing Sing to Great Meadows prison at Comstock, where he will be fitted with an artificial limb before he can work for his keep. Delucci's new leg will cost the prison department about \$200.

CONVICTS ESCAPE ON WILD COAL CAR

One prisoner was at liberty to-day and two others serving life sentences were back within the Missouri State Prison walls after a thrilling attempt to escape in which the three climbed on a coal car and sent it crashing down an incline through the prison gate.

The car overturned outside the wall, and John Snead, sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, was captured immediately. Ora Lewis, sentenced to life imprisonment for murder and robbery, abandoned the car just before it hit the gate and was returned to his cell. William Stender, serving ten years for robbery, got away.

The men had made keys for their cell doors and escaped from the inner confines after choking the cell guard into unconsciousness.

EGGS WITH A KICK

James Fagan, a South Greenburg, Pa., coal miner, garden expert and poultryman on a moderate scale, declares that by pure accident he has discovered the secret of producing eggs that exhilarate as well as nourish.

Recently a dozen of Fagan's hens got their first feed of raisin mash, and the next day they laid "pickhandle" eggs, their owner declares. A friend of Fagan used a few pounds of raisins to make a little "medicine" for "his stomach's sake." After the raisins fermented he ran off the liquid for final treatment and threw the raisins into an alley, where Fagan's hens feasted on them.

The new poultry food worked wonders, it is said. Birds that had been contemplating the prospect of hatching in a cell of egg-laying charged their system, cockled with renewed vigor and resumed laying. While none of the hens lay more than an egg a day, almost every bird in the flock produces an egg containing 4 per cent. alcohol, says Fagan.

OLD VIOLIN SOLD TO BUY FOOD

A fine old Rugieri violin on which Johann Strauss, the "waltz king," played in Vienna, when that city was the gayest in Europe, was sold in Chicago, Ill., recently to provide food for the population there. Vienna now is a city of want and starvation.

Miss Andrea Proudfoot, daughter of a Chicago attorney, heard of the great need in the capital

where she had spent most of her childhood and parted with the dainty Italian model. The proceeds of the sale were turned over to the Vienna Relief Committee.

The Rugieri was brought to Austria from Italy more than a century ago and came into the possession of Franz Wendlik, concert master in the court of Prince Lichtenstein, in Vienna. It was in the extravagant and pleasure loving period following Napoleon's regime, and Lichtenstein's was the gayest court in Europe. The courtiers danced to the music of Johann Strauss's new waltzes, and Strauss himself played with the court orchestra at times, using the Rugieri violin.

The violin eventually came into the possession of Wendlik's grandson, a Vienna banker, also named Franz Wendlik. Miss Proudfoot's mother had brought her to Europe to educate her. One day the banker heard the girl play in her mother's villa in the Carpathian foothills overlooking Vienna.

He declared that the child had great ability and let her have his old violin to use. Shortly after the war broke out he died. Miss Proudfoot brought the instrument to America.

She will resume her studies, interrupted by the war, this fall when she will return to Vienna. She will play on a Guarnerius violin.

LIGHTNING CALCULATING

Multiply 45,989 by 864,726. How would you like to have somebody pop that at you in arithmetic on some evening while at your little desk in your room, when you are trying to find out how much sugar you could buy for \$3.80 when the price is 53-4 cents a pound?

Well, the larger problem mentioned above would not flabbergast S. Ramanujan, a young Hindu, who last year left India and entered Cambridge University in England. It would take him only a few seconds to multiply 45,989 by 864,726, says Boys' Life. In less time than that he could add 8,596,497,713,826 and 96,268,593. In the time it would take the average schoolboy to divide 31,021 by 13, Ramanujan could find the fifth root of 69,343,957, or give the correct answer to the problem: What weight of water is there in a room flooded 2 feet deep, the room being 13 feet 9 inches by 13 feet 4 inches, and a cubic foot of water weighing 62.1-2 pounds.

The professors at Cambridge have found Ramanujan a mystery, because he is quite untaught and appears to have discovered for himself many of the deepest mathematical principles.

America has produced three wonderful boy calculators. "Marvelous Griffith," as he was called, could raise a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds. Truman Safford at the age of 10 could multiply one row of fifteen figures by another of eighteen in a minute, or less. The third was William James Sidis, who at 14 went to Harvard and astounded all of his instructors by his profound grasp of mathematical principles.

NEW THINGS

A rubber bulb to increase the suction features a new siphon for removing cream from bottles of milk.

Portugal has more than 4,000,000 acres of forests and is increasing them by systematic tree-planting.

A simple wire frame has been patented for supporting idle paint brushes to prevent their bristles curling.

Seventy-five per cent. of the land under cultivation in Egypt is held by persons owning less than two acres.

Leather, both imitation and genuine, has been adapted as varnish in covering automobile bodies.

Trinidad, which is steadily increasing its petroleum production, exported more than 41,000,000 gallons last year.

New in the agricultural implement line is a machine to cover a field of growing grain with straw to protect it in winter.

Geologists have estimated that Spain has about 700,000,000 tons of iron ore, capable of yielding about 50 per cent. of metal.

An Oregon inventor has patented a folding match scratcher which can be pinned to any convenient place on a smoker's clothing.

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AIRPLANE CATCHES GEESE

There may be nothing new under the sun, but there are new ways of doing things. The following amply bears out this statement:

John Pruess, who lives up in the Devil's Nest country along the old Mizzou, was in Bloomfield, Nebraska, recently and brought with him the news that hunting geese via the airplane method is the latest thing up in that region. The aviators who have been pulling off this stunt hail from across the line in South Dakota.

They come swooping along in their machine, fire a volley at any stray flock of geese that may be breasting the waters of the Big Muddy, and as the geese rise into the air and start to make their getaway, the airplane swoops down upon them and they are caught in a big net, which is part of the machine's equipment. Whole flocks are pursued until the last member of the flock falls a victim to the birdmen.

An automobile tire, made of several metal bands separated by aluminum blocks, that has been invented in England is claimed to be almost as resilient as rubber.

NEW THINGS

To freshen typewriter ribbons a tubular container for ink which is distributed by a roller as a ribbon passes over it has been patented.

To move automobiles laterally in garages a low wheeled platform has been invented that is propelled by an electric motor taking current from an overhead wire.

Featured by a cylinder containing a piston with a lifting force of eight tons, hydraulic apparatus has been invented for pulling up piling, even from deep water.

French army surgeons have found that a mixture of freshly slaked lime and phosphorus will remove tattooing so that it cannot be detected.

A mixer for asphalt or concrete has been added to a steam roller by a Pennsylvania road builder, being operated by the same engineer.

The blade and its cover in a new safety razor are held in place by a magnetized handle so they may be easily removed for cleaning.

Scotch experts have found that the African baobab tree yields a fibre that is one of the finest paper making materials to be found.

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SCIENTIST WARNS OF FAKE MEDIUMS

Convinced that death makes no sudden change, Sir Oliver Lodge began a lecture tour of this country and Canada to explain his beliefs in communication between the dead and living. He arrived on the Lapland recently, and it is his first visit since 1884. A tall, gray-bearded man, he is sixty seven years old and speaks without reserve.

He said his son, killed in the war, was pleased recently to learn his father was coming to America, and felt he might do good here. Sir Oliver comes to say that "the survival of man can be proved and that perception will strengthen the hands of true religion."

He believes the next world may not be different from this one, and tells of departed friends who have talked to him of trees, flowers and animals they observe, but thinks they may be describing "this side seen from another point of view," rather than "another world." He explains the mechanism of survival:

"Our bodies are composed of matter and ether. The material part wears out after seventy-odd years, but the ethereal part does not wear out and that continues."

With Sir Oliver the life beyond is no vague, scriptural phrase and there is no break between here and somewhere else. Of the ouija board he said:

"That is a question of the force of the mind which uses it. The instrument cannot be condemned. Persons of weak mind should leave it alone."

"But another message of mine is that our senses are no criterion of existence. They were evolved for earthly reasons, not for purposes of philosophy, and if we refuse to go beyond the direct evidence of our senses we shall narrow our outlook on the universe to a hopeless and almost imbecile extent."

"I have no sympathy with denial of the material universe, though I admit that the spiritual universe is so much more important that a little over-emphasis on that side may be pardoned. I want people to accept the totality of things and not to neglect one side in order to emphasize the other. Let us see life sanely, and see it whole."

He was asked how to tell a true medium from a false one.

"You must judge them by their fruits," Sir Oliver answered. "I have not come across any fraudulent mediums, but I am told there are some. I believe all who take up Spiritualism in a professional way have some power."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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